

No. 2181—Vol. 84

THE PENNY

MARCH 14, 1903

ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND + ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 198, Strand, aforesaid.

MILLWALL v. EVERTON : SPLENDID PHOTOGRAPHS INSIDE.



G. MONTBARD.

THE TROUBLE IN MACEDONIA: AFTER THE FIGHT AT BRONDO.

The villagers, after being defeated by the Turkish soldiers and seeing their homesteads burnt, had to march over the snow-clad mountains to seek new homes in another part of the country.

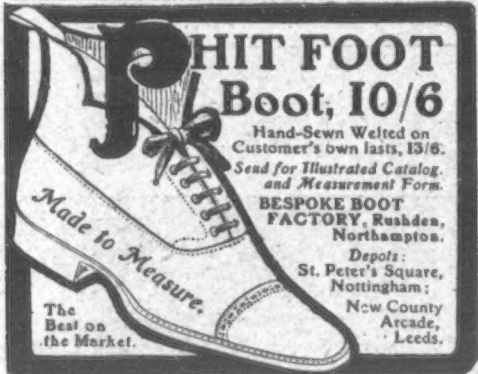
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HINDE'S

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edwards, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or wavers are genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" on the inside of the box. The present "Hinde's" curlers are made by the late Lord Justice Chitty, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Kingdoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hinde's Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

HAIR

WAVERS

TALK OF LONDON

The King's Wedding.

ON Tuesday last, our gracious King and Queen celebrated the fortieth anniversary of their wedding. Saturday last was the anniversary of the arrival in this country of the beautiful "sea-king's daughter from over the sea." In many memories that arrival still lives. There had been a triumphant procession from Copenhagen to Flushing extending over several days, and on March 7, 1863, with the earliest peep of dawn, the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, with England's future Queen-Consort on board, and escorted by a squadron of British men-of-war, hove in sight of Dover cliffs. The river as far as Gravesend, where the Prince awaited his bride, swarmed with gaily decorated craft. And as the prospective bridegroom led his beautiful Princess ashore the song of welcome was begun—

Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.

The Lords of the Admiralty were all present at the reception, and the journey to town and



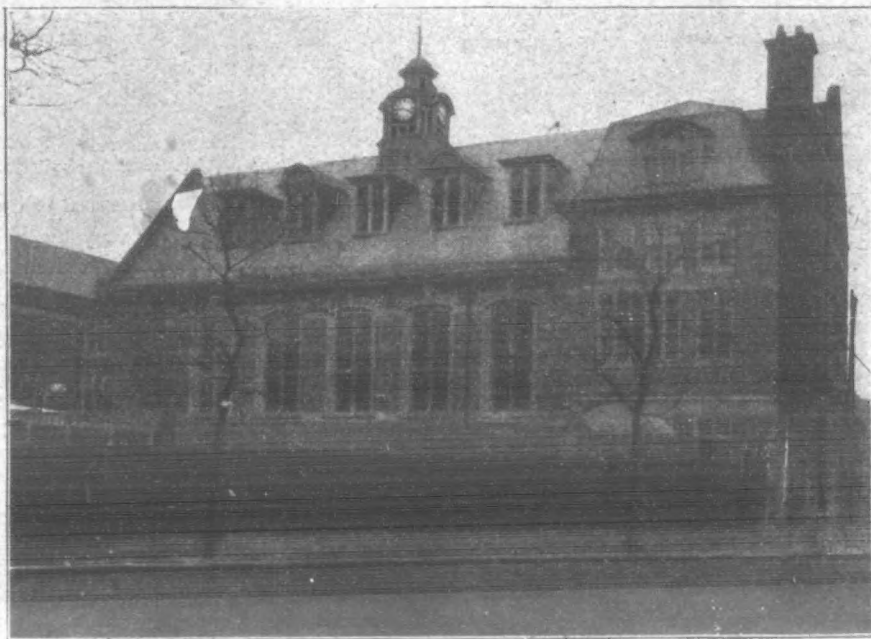
"JINGO" (ON THE RIGHT), THE FAMOUS ELEPHANT, AS HE USED TO APPEAR AT THE "ZOO."

"JINGO" WAS SHIPPED TO AMERICA LAST WEEK.

Wanted, Officers with Brains!

Moustache and monocle among the "milling-tary" have had something of a set-back.

has said it, and thereby won for himself a well-deserved meed of praise from all parties. Officers for the Army will now have to pass some pretty stiff examinations, and, failing that, will be rejected. Brains and merit alone will win promotion for them. Favour and social desirability will no longer carry everything before them. It is a great step forward; a definite attempt to achieve that degree of efficiency the lack of which among our officers cost us so dearly



ST. OLIVE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, SOUTHWARK.

THE NEW BUILDING (FOR GIRLS) TO BE OPENED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO-DAY (SATURDAY).

thence to Windsor was a progress of triumph and loving greetings. The wedding at St. George's Chapel was a feast of splendour, and withal so solemn that even Charles Kingsley confessed that it all seemed a wonderful dream to him.

The impression which Princess Alexandra made in the hearts of the British people has only deepened with the years. Ever regarded as a pattern of sweet womanhood, Her Majesty is now looked upon by high and low with not only reverence and admiration, but with absolute love. I question if ever there has been a more popular Queen in all history.

The Return of the Statesman.

London is talking of Mr. Chamberlain—a not infrequent topic of conversation in these later years. He is due to reach Southampton this (Saturday) morning, and great will be the rejoicing at his safe return after his arduous and successful labours in South Africa. Meantime, rumours are rife and political tongues are wagging vigorously as to what will happen when he gets back to Westminster. The young Tory party, headed (and tailed) by Messrs Beckett, Winston Churchill, Malcolm and others, are in revolt, so 'tis said. The Government is too slow for their active young spirits; it sleeps when they long to be up and doing. So, according to rumour, they are going to agitate till drastic changes in the composition of the Cabinet are effected. The most important change of all (I am still quoting rumour) will be the resignation of the Premiership by Mr. Balfour and the succession thereto of Mr. Chamberlain. Certainly, if such a change is in contemplation, there never was a more propitious moment for it than now. Whereas previously the name of Chamberlain used to be received with head-shakings on the part of the old Tories, the Colonial Secretary is now immensely popular with all sections. And, of course, he deserves to be top man in the Government. We can allow that without disparaging the amiable Mr. Balfour. If the truth were only known, it is not unlikely that Mr. Balfour would welcome with eager hands the move that would free him of the shackles of political office. He is not exactly in love with politics. Golf and philosophy are to him far greater joys. Probably had his uncle never been Premier Mr. Balfour would never have gone so far as he has. He would never have had the energy necessary had not Lord Salisbury spurred him on. And even now he does not exert himself to the extent required to make him supreme head of the Government. Has not the Duke of Devonshire said that on some subjects Mr. Chamberlain's authority is even as weighty as the Prime Minister's?

Swagger has at length been labelled at its true value. Promotion in the Army is in future to be by merit! What think you of that? Mr. Brodrick



MR. R. W. MACBETH,

WHO HAS JUST BEEN ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN

during the late war. Here are the leading points in the new scheme as detailed by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons on Monday last—

A new educational advisory board to be at once created, comprising four heads of the military colleges, two representatives of the Universities, one each of the Royal Society, the Association of Head Masters and the



THE SUBMARINE BOAT EXPLOSION: THE CREW.

BACK ROW: DOIDGE (CHIEF STOKER), COLLINS, REES, DIXON.—FRONT ROW: STEER, LIEUT. EVANS, POPE. THE FIVE INJURED WERE: LIEUT. EVANS, DOIDGE, REES, DIXON, AND POPE.

SOUTH AFRICAN PORTRAITS OF MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



MRS. CHAMBERLAIN: HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.



MR. CHAMBERLAIN: HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Head Masters' Conference, and two members nominated by the Secretary for War.

The higher a candidate comes out of the examination determined on by this board, the wider will be his choice as to the branch of the Army he wishes to join.

Two years to be put in at Sandhurst instead of one.

Indian cadetships and A.S.C. commissions to be competed for at Sandhurst; and

Unless a candidate applies himself at Sandhurst he will not get a commission.

Both Sandhurst and Woolwich to go into camp for a month or six weeks.

Candidates entering for the Militia to undergo less examination, but to be attached for at least four months to a line battalion and be well reported on.

University candidates to have six weeks with a line battalion before the age of twenty.

Provisional commissions to be granted at that age to attract the best class of candidates, and service to rank from that age instead of from the end of the University career.

These candidates to take honours, Oxford and Cambridge having intimated willingness to include in their examination two or three military subjects.

Universities to confer with the War Office on the scheme.

After annual training, three senior officers to classify their officers as efficient or indifferent,



Photo. Russell.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN BILSBORROW,
WHO DIED LAST WEEK. DR. BILSBORROW HAD BEEN
ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF SALFORD SINCE 1892.

and officers of exceptional ability to be brought before the commanding officers, especially in reference to knowledge of languages.

Officers not fully qualified to be rejected.

Bad reports to be concurred in by three senior officers, and the officer thus reported on to be sent for to explain the points raised against him.

If a man takes his training too slowly after two years' work he will be required to send in resignation.

Printers and Pleasure

The man who is always blamed for "errors" had an evening out on March 6. Colonel Cody generously invited the composing and printing staff of the *P.I.P.* to see the Wild West Show at Olympia, and the said composing and printing staff (150 strong) responded to a man. It was a great night. Buffalo Bill, realising that printers are among the most critical people in the world, rose to the occasion, and "put on" a performance at which nobody could cavil. The whole splendid show went through without a hitch, and 150 of the audience, at any rate, were highly pleased. Mistakes in a newspaper are very difficult to avoid altogether, but if appreciation of the idea that one good turn deserves

another or any guarantee, all future references to Buffalo Bill's in the *P.I.P.* will be scrupulously accurate. THE GOSSIP.

FINE-ART PLATES.

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."



"JOEY" CHAMBERLAIN.



"PAUL" KRUGER.

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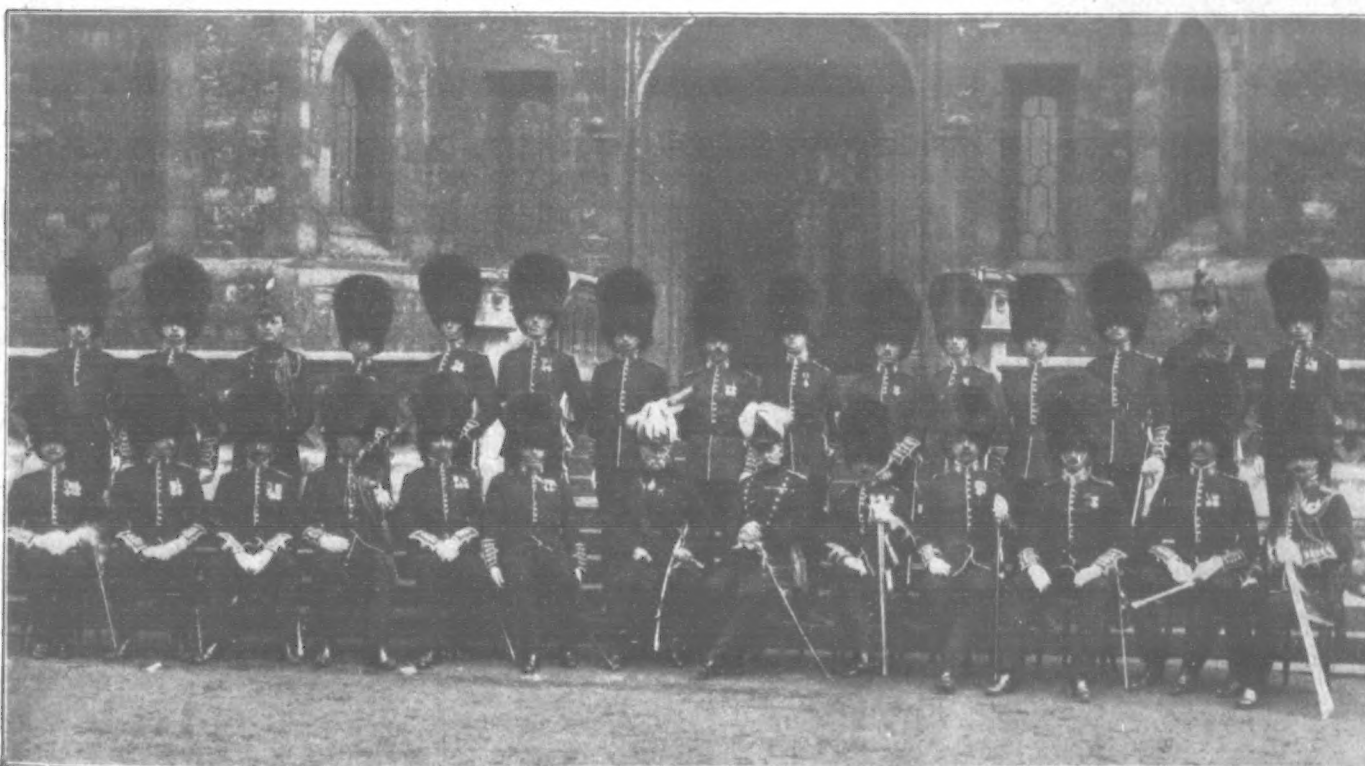


Photo. Gale and Follen.

REVIEW OF THE IRISH GUARDS AT THE TOWER ON MARCH 3: GROUP OF OFFICERS
WITH LORD ROBERTS IN THE CENTRE.

ALL THE SOCIAL NEWS OF THE WEEK (ILLUSTRATED).—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

ROYAL ANNIVERSARY.—The fortieth anniversary of the marriage of Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra was celebrated at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday last. The Queen came up to London from Sandringham on Monday, bringing with her the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Her Majesty has benefited greatly by her stay in Norfolk, and received a hearty greeting as she drove through the streets on her return to the capital. There is some probability that King Edward may pay a brief visit to the South of France towards the end of the month, but the matter has not yet been definitely settled.

Return of "B.-P."—Major-General R. S. Baden-Powell, who has been recently appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry, arrived at Southampton from South Africa last Saturday afternoon. Large crowds assembled at Waterloo Station to meet the defender of Mafeking, who, however, left the train at Vauxhall, and so avoided the demonstration that would otherwise have greeted him. On Monday "B.-P." visited the War Office, and spent some



Photo. Russell.

CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT, R.N.,

WHO HAS JUST BEEN APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF THE GUNNERY ESTABLISHMENT OF H.M.S. "EXCELLENT."

time in consultation with his official chiefs preparatory to taking up his new duties.

The Ameer and His Wives.—There is much domestic excitement throughout Afghanistan consequent upon the reforming zeal of the Ameer, who has decreed by fiat of drum that none of his subjects shall have more than four wives, as prescribed by Mohammedan law. All wives in excess of the legal number are to be at once divorced, under heavy penalties for non-compliance; and practically every household is in a state of uproar while the vexed question as to who is to go and who may remain is being debated among the ladies and their lords and masters. The Ameer himself has set the example, and has divorced all his wives except four, who are the daughters of some of His Majesty's most distinguished Generals. The discarded ladies have been awarded small pensions for life, and have been informed that they may marry again if they so desire and if opportunity should offer. In the prevailing slump in the matrimonial market the latter contingency is regarded as being somewhat remote.

Affairs in Somaliland.—The War Office early this week issued the following telegram from the officer commanding the lines of communication: "Galkayu occupied on morning of March 3 by mounted troops, remainder mounted troops March 4, remainder of column March 5.—Manning." Describing the advance, Reuter's special correspondent says the enemy hung on to the British scouts, and firing was desultory. The Boer contingent with the Bikanir Camel Corps served as advance patrol, doing good work and

scoring on several occasions. The Mullah has retired to Galadi, fifty miles distant, where there are water and grazing. His present strength is estimated at less than 5000 spearmen and from 2000 to 3000 horsemen.

New Ocean Steam-Ship Service.—The Canadian Government has published an official invitation for tenders for a service of steamers between Canada and Great Britain. The vessels must have speeds of from 18 knots to 21 knots an hour, and are to be wholly British-owned. It is the intention of the Dominion Government to make Quebec Canada's summer port for the improved service, with the option of a call at Sydney; and Halifax the winter port, with the option of a call at St. John, New Brunswick. The new service will secure for Canadian ports a large proportion of the considerable traffic now diverted to American ports from various causes, such as rate cutting by American railways, and the action of the Steam-ship Trust against Canada.

The Union Jack Club.—Subscriptions towards the Union Jack Club, which is to be open free to the men of both services, continue to come in with gratifying regularity. Mr. Alfred Beit has given £1000; Messrs. Werner, Beit, and Co., £250; Lord Llangattock, £100; Lord Mount-Stephen, £100; the Hon. N. F. D. Smith, M.P., £100; Mr. P. L. Davies, £100; Messrs. Coutts and Co., £100; and Messrs. Cox and Co., £105. The total amount now in hand is £6900.

To Succeed Dr. Parker.—The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Queen Square, Brighton, has announced his acceptance of the invitation to succeed to the pastorate of the City Temple, which has been vacant since the death of Dr. Joseph Parker. Mr. Campbell's acceptance has given great pleasure to the deacons and members and adherents of the famous church, and it is expected that the reverend gentleman will assume his new ministry at any early date.

"Ripper" Crimes in Scotland.—Outrages on women similar to those associated with the notorious Whitechapel murders have been causing the greatest excitement in Greenock. Happily the victims of the wanton attacks in the Scottish seaport have not succumbed to their injuries, but two women lie in hospital suffering from severe wounds inflicted in each case by a man described as well dressed, and between twenty-five and thirty years of age. The women were induced to accompany the stranger to obscure courts in a low quarter of the town and there stabbed, both assaults taking place within half an hour of each other. The police have as yet no clue as to the identity of the assailant.

Mock Court-Martial Sequel.—Private Doyle, of the Cheshire Regiment, who accidentally shot a comrade at the conclusion of a mock court-martial at Chester Castle, was brought up in custody before Colonel Ommeney last Saturday and released. The Colonel informed Doyle that the General commanding the district had decided that no military proceedings were to be taken against him. A coroner's jury had previously acquitted Doyle of all blame in the unfortunate affair.

The Cavendish Case.—The very remarkable action in the Chancery Court in which Mr. Hart Cavendish, a young gentleman of fortune, seeks to set aside a voluntary settlement of his property made in favour of Major and Mrs. Strutt, still drags its length along, and, after fifteen days' hearing, shows no sign of coming to a speedy conclusion. Mr. Cavendish, it will be remembered, asserts that he was induced to make the settlement in question by certain undue influences brought to bear upon him by Mrs. Strutt in the form of alleged communications from the spirits of people now dead. Among others who were supposed to have given the young man the advice to trust his affairs to the Strutts were his late mother, the archangel Gabriel, with certain other inhabitants of the celestial spheres. During the week Mr. Cavendish was examined at great length as to his knowledge of business affairs, which, according to his own story, was practically nil, and his wife, formerly Miss Isabel Jay, prima donna of the Savoy Theatre, also gave evidence in regard to the settlement proposed at the time of her marriage. The case was then further adjourned.

Lord Penrhyn's Libel Action.—Eight eminent counsel, over forty witnesses, and documents enough to fill two wagons, form some of the principal features in the action for libel which Lord Penrhyn commenced in the Law Courts this week against Mr. William J. Parry, of Bethesda, an Alderman of the County Council and chairman of the Strike Relief Committee. The whole question of the strikes at the slate quarries of Bethesda and Lord Penrhyn's treatment of his men will be fought out afresh during the hearing of the action. Mr. Parry has for years been noted as the workers' champion, and the case will excite the greatest interest not only throughout Wales, but among the rank and file of working-men all over the country. Sir Edward Clarke, who lends for Lord Penrhyn, having read certain passages from articles in the *Clarion* of which his client complains, the hearing of the case was adjourned.

Lady Gordon's Child.—Before Sir F. Jenne, President of the Divorce Court, this week, the action brought by Lady Granville Gordon to secure the custody of her child was again continued. The chief point at issue is to what



Photo. Halsey.

PURFLEET STATION, AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE LAST WEEK.

extent—if any—Mr. Frederick Gordon, formerly Lady Gordon's husband, was aware of the relations existing between his wife and Lord Granville Gordon, to whom she was married after being divorced by Mr. F. Gordon. Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., made an impassioned speech of over five hours' duration on behalf of Lady Gordon's claim. He drew moving pictures of the future life of the little girl, and argued that under no circumstances could she be less unhappy than in the care of her mother. Sir Francis Jenne summed up the evidence at much length. The case, he said, had occasioned him the greatest anxiety. The matter rested on his discretion, and he had to face the difficulty of exercising that discretion. Everything that could possibly be said on either side had been put in the best possible way. Mr. Eric Gordon's conduct, he said, excluded the idea of connivance. In giving judgment, his Lordship refused to vary the order giving Mr. Eric Gordon the custody of the child.

Expatriation of "Jingo."—The Fellows of the Royal Zoological Society, whose gardens at Regent's Park are a never-failing source of amusement and instruction to the youth of London, have just parted—for a large sum of money—with one of the principal attractions of their famous grounds. "Jingo," the tallest elephant known to civilisation, was recently bought by Mr. Bostock, the "Animal King" of the United States, and to that country the gigantic mammalian was last week expatriated. A cage of stout two-inch planks was specially constructed for the conveyance of "Jingo" to his new home beyond the Atlantic Ocean, and into this movable house the famous elephant was induced to enter by bribes of dainty morsels held out by diplomatic strikers. Even under this moral suasion the huge beast at first declined to transport himself, and there was talk of employing the powerful tackle which had been got ready against any such emergency. Finally, however, "Jingo" walked with much composure into his travelling carriage, when he was promptly secured by iron-bolted clamps, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit for his long voyage. On arrival at the Camden Goods Station of the London and North Western Railway, however, an awkward hitch occurred. It was found that the portable elephant-house would not go through the numerous tunnels which overlie the railway line between London and Liverpool, and in consequence workmen were engaged during a whole night in reducing the height and girth of the box. This done, and the word "All right!" having been passed by the railway officials, the erstwhile pride of the "Zoo" was conveyed to Liverpool, and safely deposited on the ocean liner upon which at the time of writing he is making his way to New York en route for the Western States of America, where it is to be hoped he will prove as great a "draw" as he has hitherto been among the charges of the nurses of St. John's Wood, Maida Vale, and North-West London generally.

Famous Jockey in Court.—Interest among sporting-men centred largely last week in the Royal Courts of Justice, where "Sam" Loates, the famous lightweight jockey, sued Sir John Blundell Maple, the well-known owner of racehorses, for £3000 for damages as

breach of contract. The sum in dispute, said counsel for Mr. Loates, represented the balance of a retaining-fee which the member for Dulwich had agreed to pay in consideration of having first call upon Loates's services. At the beginning of the racing season of 1901 Loates was ill from injuries received from the fall of a horse, and did not apply for his license to ride from the Jockey Club. Sir John accordingly wrote and pointed out that as Loates was without a license, the contract terminated in accordance with terms specified, and enclosed a cheque for work performed to date. Mr. Loates thereupon entered his action, and after a protracted hearing, in which both sides treated the matter in dispute with the utmost good humour and sportsmanlike behaviour, a verdict for Mr. Loates for £2000 was returned.

Fighting the Flames.—When there is a huge riverside fire in London the sight from the opposite bank is one of the grandest imaginable. Spectators on the north bank of the river Thames enjoyed such a spectacle last week when a fire of the most destructive character broke out on the premises of Messrs. Gillman and Spencer, Ltd., patent mailsters, at Gordon Wharf, Rotherhithe. The flames were first discovered in a large building of five floors, and within a quarter of an hour were lighting up the whole of the south side of the river. Engines from all parts of the Metropolis were quickly on the scene of action, and were supplemented by floating engines pouring water in copious streams from the river itself. The large float *Alpha* did signal service, but, despite all efforts, the flames became for a time uncontrollable, and the huge buildings were almost completely gutted, and at one time no less than twenty-five steamers, with nearly two hundred men, under the personal supervision of Commander Wells, Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, were engaged, but it was not until late on the day following the outbreak that the fire was ultimately got under control.

The Artists' Assault-at-Arms.—A most successful assault-at-arms was given by the Artists Corps at their headquarters on Wednesday, March 4. Some exciting bouts with the gloves, quarterstaves, bayonets, and sabres were fought out by members of the regimental school-of-arms, while among the friends who came to assist in the programme were the Italian sabre champion, Professor Magrini, and his pupil, Sergeant Palmer, A.G.S.; Professor H. McPherson, who gave a skilful exhibition of Indian club exercise; and the Misses Bear, who fenced neatly and cleverly. Two of the most effective turns were the fencing in old-time costume of Sergeant H. Turner and Mr. H. Seaton, armed with rapier and cloak and rapier and dagger respectively, and the catch-as-catch-can wrestling bout between Messrs. Consens and Grün, of the German Gymnasium. The trumpeters of the Army Service Corps, Woolwich, went through the sword exercise smartly, and blew the cavalry trumpet-calls; a very effective display in drill and dancing was given by the boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, and an excellent exhibition was given by one of the Maxim-gun sections of the corps.

Southwark Poison Case.—The principal case at the March Sessions of the Central Criminal Court, which opened at the Old Bailey on Monday, is that of George Chapman, otherwise Severino Klossowski, who is to be tried for the wilful murder of Maud Marsh and other women with whom he had lived, by poisoning with antimony. In charging the grand jury the Recorder of London remarked upon the terrible nature of the crimes with which Chapman is charged. If those crimes were brought home to the accused, he, the learned Recorder, thought it would be a satisfaction to the jury to know that in the course of investigations made by the police it had been discovered that Chapman was not an Englishman, but a Russian or Polish Jew. The grand jury found a true bill against Chapman in each indictment of the three charges of murder.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE most exciting event of the theatrical week has been the refusal of the Garrick manager to admit the critic of the *Times* to the first performance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy. But both manager and author appear to have some grounds for objecting to Mr. Walkley, the *Times* critic. It is stated that he has for the last four years invariably satirised Mr. Jones, not only when his plays were produced, but in personal paragraphs. Under these circumstances Mr. Arthur Bourchier wrote to the *Times* editor requesting that some other critic should be sent. The editor, however, said nothing to Mr. Walkley, who accordingly presented himself at the Garrick Theatre and was refused admittance, and next day there appeared in the journal a notice to that effect. Mr. Bourchier has since explained that he and Mr. Jones did not object to straightforward criticism, whether favourable or otherwise, but they refused to submit to personal satire, and to paragraphs in which the author and his work were held up to public ridicule. Meanwhile, several journals have taken up the subject, and the Playgoers' Club has treated the matter as a question of dramatic criticism, which obviously it is not. Knowing the persons, I quite understand how they feel, and can sympathise with Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Jones in their views, and I may say, in commenting on the subject, that if critics confined themselves to the immediate purpose which



SKETCHES BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE LAW COURTS.

THE STRANGE CAVENDISH CASE: SOME INTERESTING PICTURES.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

they profess to take in hand, these acrimonious discussions might be entirely avoided.

It must be confessed that the *Times* takes a very lofty tone in dictating to Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Here is the "Thunderer's" letter to the manager—

The *Times*, March 5, 1903.

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of this date, and beg to point out that it is in no sense a reply to the queries contained in my letter of 3rd.

I have no interest in knowing the manner in which you propose to conduct the management of your theatre in the future, nor the manner in which you have conducted it in the past.

I ask only for specific information on a matter which concerns us very directly, and that information you cannot, with the most ordinary courtesy, refuse. We ask—

1. Whether you refuse to allow Mr. Walkley to enter your theatre?

2. Whether you refuse to allow Mr. Walkley to enter your theatre as dramatic critic of the *Times*?

3. Whether you refuse to allow any dramatic critic of the *Times* to enter your theatre?

4. Whether that prohibition in any or all of these cases is for one night, or for the whole run of one play, or for the run of all plays by one author, or for the run of all plays by any author whatever?

Knowing your strict views on the necessity of replying to letters, we feel sure you will not keep us waiting longer for the reply.—Yours faithfully, C. F. MOZLEY BELL.

Arthur Bourchier, Esq.,

Garriek Theatre, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

It is not the first time that dramatic authors and dramatic critics have fallen foul of each other.

Mr. Walter Melville's sensational drama, "The Worst Woman in London," was produced with great success at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday last.

Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer has arranged to produce on Tuesday, March 17, at the Great Queen Street Theatre, an English version of "Sodom's Ende," the famous drama of Sudermann, under the title of "The Man and his Picture." It will be remembered that the German Emperor intervened on behalf of Sudermann to secure the first production of "Sodom's Ende" in Germany. The English title hardly seems to give a full impression of the power and engrossing qualities of the original, but if the adaptation be a faithful one the title will not matter.

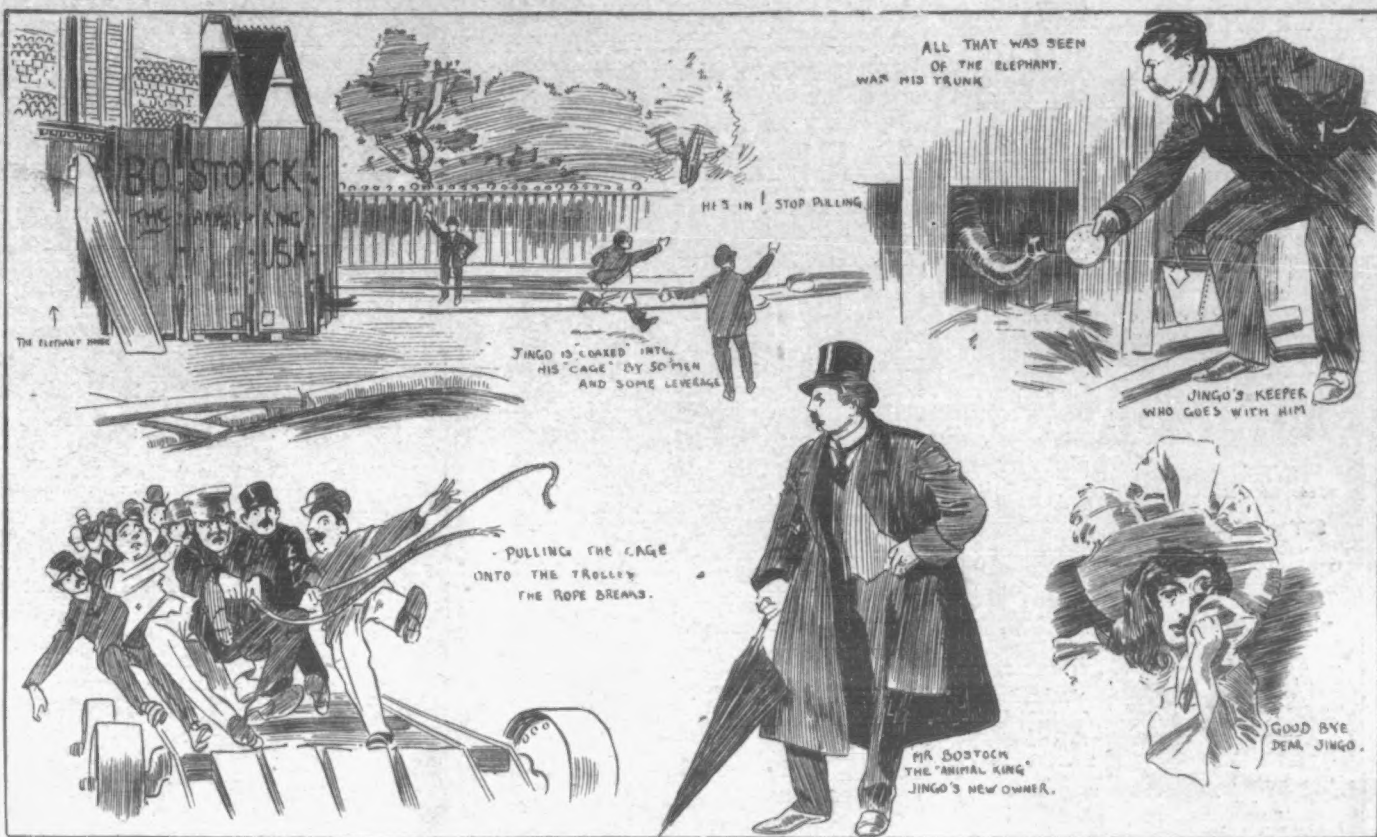
Mr. Benson has issued particulars of his representations at Stratford-on-Avon, which will last from Monday, April 20, to Saturday, May 2, inclusive. "The Winter's Tale" will be revived on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, and in addition to several of the poet's works Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," and Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," will be presented.

The report of Mr. E. W. Royce's death is happily without foundation. The actor in question is as well as he ever was, and hopes soon to show his friends that his powers have in no degree declined.

"The Londoners," to be produced at the Apollo on Thursday, March 19, is adapted by Mr. Henry Whitestone from Mr. Robert Hichens' novel bearing the above title. The chief characters will be played by Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Lennox Pawle, and Misses Henrietta Watson and Florence Lloyd.

"A Clean Slate" has had but a brief career at the Criterion. Its run will terminate on Saturday, and shortly will be succeeded by Mrs. Lucetto Ryley's play, "The Altar of Friendship," with Mr. Paul Arthur in the chief part, supported by Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Messrs. H. B. Warner and W. Mackintosh.

Sir Charles Wyndham's New Theatre in St. Martin's Lane, which opens this present Thursday with a revival of "Rosemary," will astonish



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all visitors by the exquisite beauty of its stalls, upholstered in Aubisson tapestry, chosen by Sir Charles himself during his recent visit to the Continent.

Vincent, Miss Sylvia Sablanc, Messrs. Ranalow, Norman Salmond, and J. E. Sullivan.

The new musical comedy by Messrs. Owen

"Madame Sherry," the new piece which is to follow "Three Little Maids" at the Prince of

the Moody-Manners competition. The successful operas are to be produced in August next at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. The judges for English operas are Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Professor Prout, and Mr. Joseph Bennett, and for foreign operas M. Colonne (representing France), Signor Maucinelli (Italy), and Herr Lohse (Germany). There are two prizes of £250 each and 10 per cent. on the net profits. The liberality of Mr. Manners must be highly commended. While others are talking about a national opera he is practical and generous in his support.

Mr. Oswald Brand's version of "Oliver Twist" will be produced at the Grand Theatre, Islington, on March 30. It is only intended to play it for twelve nights, as it will be followed by adaptations of "Bleak House" and "No Thoroughfare."

An unrehearsed effect occurred at Drury Lane in the pantomime of "Mother Goose" last week. The air-ship containing Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell was crossing the stage when it dropped suddenly, owing to the cable breaking. Dan Leno stepped out quite calm and jocular, but Mr. Campbell was somewhat shaken and bruised, and will feel the effects of the fall for some days.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's eccentric play, "The Devil's Disciple," has been produced at Vienna with considerable success, mainly, we fear, because of the author's satirical references to English soldiers. But we question if any European soldiers ever displayed greater bravery or more perfect discipline than Tommy Atkins during the late war.

Mr. Edward Terry was so successful at Johannesburg in "Sweet Lavender," at the Empire Theatre in that city, that the receipts were over £1000 for the first five nights of the season.

THE PROMPTER.

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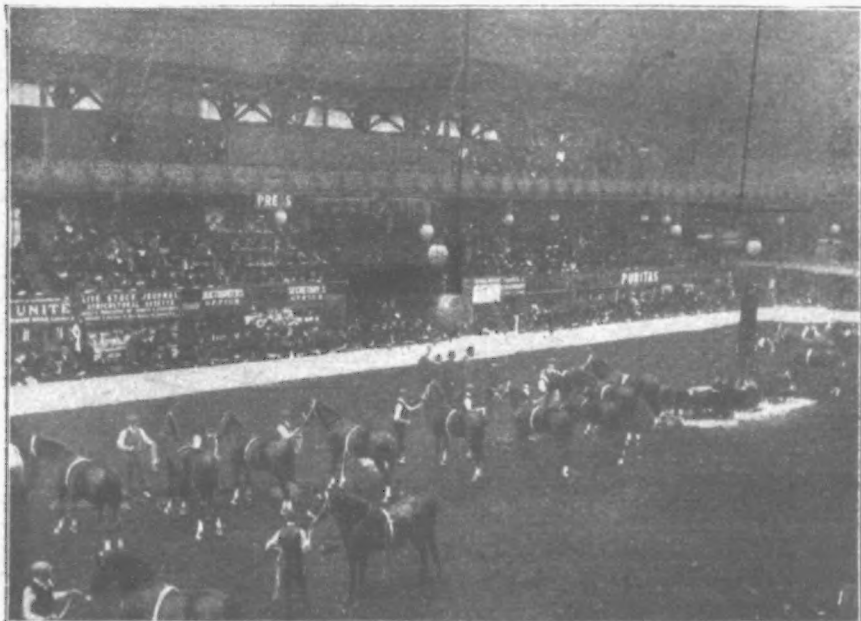
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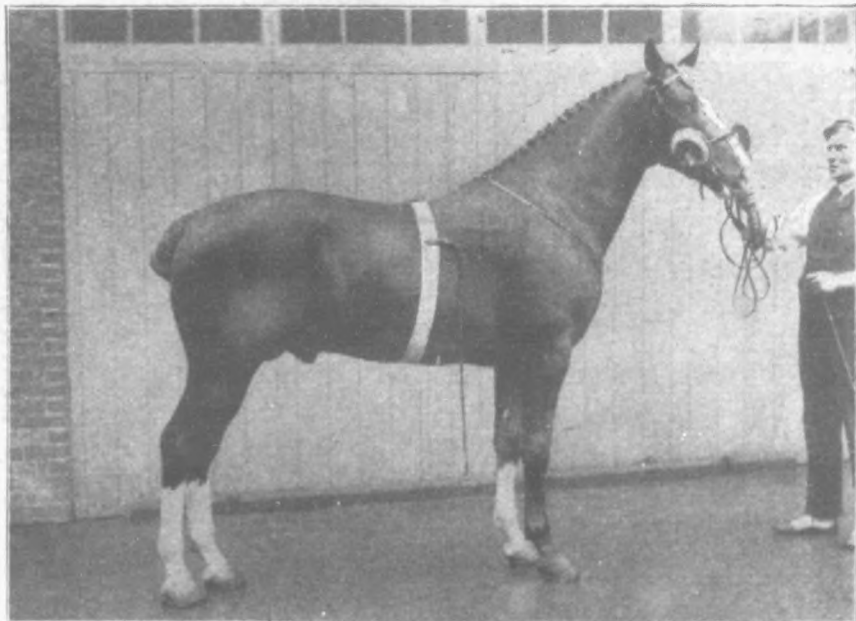
Hall and Sidney Jones, which Mr. Tom B. Davis will produce at the Lyric Theatre after Easter, is in two acts, the first taking place at Cannes during the Carnival, the second being located in Greece. The leading characters are allotted to Miss Ada Reeve, Miss Ruth

Wales's Theatre, is in rehearsal, and will be produced in about six weeks. It was first played at the Central Theatre, Berlin, on Nov. 1 last year with great success.

May 1 is the last day for sending in operas for



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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

BAD as was the weather last Saturday, it failed to kill the enthusiasm of footballers, who turned out in large numbers, especially at the four centres where the English Cup ties were being played. It says much for the ardent love of the game that Englishmen have when we see crowds numbering well over 20,000 at each of three grounds, while at the other—Millwall—there were 12,000 people, in spite of the doubling of the admission fee. Altogether the receipts at the four matches amounted to over £4200, the respective figures being: At Tottenham, £1791; at Derby, £987; at Bury, £872; and at Millwall, £850. Truly the contests for the national trophy have a wonderful hold on the public.

Both matches played in London proved very tough affairs. I chose to go to Millwall, and was pleased that I did so, for I saw one of the hardest struggles that anyone could wish for. I had only seen Everton once before this season, and then they played beautiful football, and I must say that I thought that they would beat Millwall last Saturday. My friend Mr. J. J. Bentley, however, assured me over a fortnight back that he thought Millwall had a great chance of pulling through, and I said I hoped his words would come true; for I have a sneaking regard for the East-End "Lions," who nominated me for the London F.A. committee in their amateur days. Well, pull through they did, and, speaking without the slightest prejudice, they deserved their win.

The management had done what they could to make the turf firm by spreading thick layers of sand on the softest parts, but the game was only a few minutes old when the



MILLWALL v. EVERTON: STOPPING A RUN BY THE EVERTON FORWARDS.

finely, Easton and Bell being the best. For Everton the defence was sound enough, but the least said about the forward play the better.

Both goalkeepers performed admirably, but their styles were utterly dissimilar. Sutcliffe's work was marked by a gloss and super-excellence which bespeaks the artist; he was daring, but his wonderful powers of perception carried

three goals to two. There seemed something wanting about the play of the Hotspur men, who tried to play the delicate game for which they are famous, and for which the ground was quite unsuitable on Saturday. The Villa men "mixed it," as the Yankee boxing reporter says, and while not sacrificing combination to rushing tactics, they leavened their passing runs with plenty of dash, and this pulled them through.

The opening half was even enough, beside being highly scientific and exhilarating. Woodward scored first for the 'Spurs as the result of some clever play by himself and Kirwan, and the Tottenham crowd were on good terms with themselves until Johnson equalised from a free kick given against Hughes. Just before the interval the Villa almost scored again, but at change of ends the teams were level at one goal each.

The storm that swept across the Metropolis reached Tottenham at half-time, and when the game was restarted the ground was in a shocking state. The Villa played a fine game, in spite of the conditions, and with the 'Spurs' living up after a time, the excitement was intense. McLuckie was responsible for the Villa's second goal, which Clawley might have saved had he not hesitated; but the Tottenham goalkeeper had no chance with a third goal scored by Johnson, who crashed the ball into the net with a stinging shot. Although the 'Spurs' were apparently well beaten, they played up astonishingly well in the last ten minutes, and were rewarded by a fine goal by Copeland. The inside left nearly got through again, and Woodward and Kirwan were both very troublesome to the Villa defence, but the Birmingham men held their lead to the end.

George and Clawley both did admirable work in their respective goals, but the former was better protected. Howard Spencer and Noon were in great form at back, and Spencer will probably get his International cap again. He deserves it on Saturday's form. All the Villa half-backs were good, and Niblo and Bache were the pick of the forwards. Watson and Tait defended stoutly for Tottenham, but they had more work than their share, owing to the inability of Hughes and J. L. Jones to hold the Villa forwards. Morris was the only half-back to shine, and among the home forwards there was a lack of understanding chiefly by reason of the weakness of the right wing.

Derby County won their game with Stoke by typical Cup-tie tactics. Stoke were without L. R. Roose in goal, and

MILLWALL v. EVERTON: A THROW-IN CLOSE ON THE CORNER.

inside players were up to their ankles in mud. Millwall had Morris away from half-back, and Watkins filled his place, this leaving room for the Corinthian, J. H. Gettins, on the left wing with R. Jones. Everton also had one of their best half-backs injured, and Clark appeared at right half in lieu of the popular Wolstenholme. Clark is a nippy, clever sort of player; a man who is a difficult customer to rob of the ball when he has it, or to get round when attempting to run. That either side suffered from the changes I very much doubt.

Everton had the wind against them to commence with, but dashed off in great style, and if only their early efforts had been kept up they would not have lost. Perhaps the cool manner in which Sutcliffe shaped whenever the visiting forwards got near goal had a depressing effect upon them, but I rather fancy that they were more troubled by the slushy ground. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that we saw nothing like a fair sample of the proper Everton attack except on two occasions. Quite the opposite was the case with the home forwards. They went straight for goal with a rush; their wings played with splendid effect, Moran especially shining. In fact, the little outside right of Millwall was clearly the best on the field among the forwards. Astley fed him unstintingly, and made a better partner for him than Gettins. The latter, however, played exceedingly well on the left with Jones, but Hulse, although doing many clever things, was handicapped by the sea of mud that he had to traverse in the centre of the ground.

As it happened, it was not one of the forwards that gained the only point of the afternoon at Millwall, although the successful player usually is a left winger. It was Watkins who beat Whitley the Everton goalkeeper, with a strong, high shot that sent the greasy ball swishing through just under the bar and through Whitley's hands. It was a surprise goal, but on the play Millwall merited the lead. Sharp might have equalised before half-time, and again on resuming he had a capital chance which he allowed to slip. There was a stoppage of a few minutes owing to a perfect deluge of rain and hail, this causing the ground to become worse than ever. But the pace of the game never slackened, Millwall leading their rivals a rare dance, and but for the superb play of Abbott, Booth, Balmer, and Henderson, Everton would have fared ill indeed. As it was, neither side could score again, and Millwall won by a goal. The winners' backs and half-backs supported the bustling attacks of their forwards

him brilliantly through every time. To the practised eye watching for points it was charming; to the ordinary spectator it was thrilling. On the other hand, Whitley's display gave the impression of being more determined than finished. He made few errors, but two that he actually did make might easily have resulted in a goal to the opposition. He dealt with some very ugly



MILLWALL v. EVERTON: MILLWALL GOAL IN DANGER.

cross-shots in an exceedingly smart way, but he is not a Sutcliffe. Between them it is a case of the high-class race-horse to the high-class hunter.

Naturally there was a great deal of disappointment over the downfall of the 'Spurs at Tottenham; but Aston Villa were the better side, and deserved to win by more than

the old Aston Villa custodian, Wilkes, was not his equal. Yorke, late of Reading, filled the place usually occupied by Bloomer, who was on the injured list. The victory was by the comfortable score of three goals to nil, but the game by no means warranted such a defeat for Stoke, who really played the prettier football in midfield. But goals only count in winning matches, and as the Derby men played the game that meant getting goals, they deserved to win. They let fly at every opportunity; the Stoke forwards passed and repassed, waiting for a certainty, and this never came off.

Warren scored the first goal with a flying shot from long range, and the second went to Davis. In the second half, Warrington got the third after some dashing and very clever play. All the winners did famously, especially Morris at full-back, veteran Archie Goodall at half, and Warrington forward. The last will make a great name for himself if he continues in the present vein.

Bury won their tie with Notts County from a penalty-kick given against Prescott and from which Lindsay scored. It was far from a great game, for the Nottingham front line was poor in the extreme, the absence of Humphreys being severely felt by the Lacemen. Beyond the error of Prescott's in flitting the ball out, the play of the Notts defenders was magnificent, and it was heartbreaking for them to watch the ludicrous attempts of their forwards to score goals.

An object lesson as to how the game should be played was given them by the Bury forwards, for, although the home side were handicapped by an injury to Sagar, which rendered him practically useless for more than half the game, the attack of the Lancastrians was always superior to that of the Notts team. Richards, Leeming, and Plant were always making a bee-line for goal, and it says much for the quality of the County defence that no heavier defeat was inflicted on them.

On Monday evening the draw for the semi-finals took place at Holborn. Millwall came first out of the hat, and Derby County followed, the pair being ordered to play at Birmingham to-morrow week, when the remaining pair, Aston Villa and Bury, will meet at Goodison Park. It is a risky business tipping for these two matches, for Millwall may upset calculations at Aston, and Bury are such good Cup fighters that they may oust the Villa. Still, I think the Villa will lift the Cup.

Having run to some length over the Cup-ties, I must perforce cut down my League notes. The one outstanding



MILLWALL v. EVERTON: EVERTON TAKING THE BALL INTO THEIR OPPONENTS' HALF.

feature of the three matches played in the First Division was the defeat of West Bromwich Albion by Notts Forest, who had the assistance of the Ilford amateur, S. H. Sugden. The Forest won by three goals to one, and this reverse for the "Throstle" caused them to descend from "the perch" they had so long occupied. Sheffield Wednesday now taking the lead by virtue of goal-average, both the Wednesday and Albion having scored 34 points. Sunderland were not engaged in the competition, but they are only three points behind the leaders, with three matches in hand.

More surprising than the Albion's defeat was the downfall of Sheffield United at Bramall Lane. If the United cannot hold their own at home against a club like Middlesbrough, something must be radically wrong. The Northerners won by three goals to one, and in so doing gained a couple of valuable points. Newcastle went under by three goals to nil at Liverpool, and this once much-vaunted team seems to be in a bad way. The struggle for the Second Division leadership is practically over, for Manchester City, who beat Burton by five goals to nil, are almost sure to "get there first." Woolwich Arsenal dropped a point at Blackpool, and as Small Heath won at Gillingham, the Midlanders improved their prospects of accompanying Manchester City into the Premier Division.

Among the leading Southern League clubs the situation is practically the same as it was last week, for both Southampton and Reading won their matches with consummate ease, while Portsmouth were engaged in beating Grimsby by three goals to two in a "friendly." Southampton had Wellingborough as visitors, the League leaders gaining the victory by five goals to nil. Reading also scored five times, but they had a goal put up against them by Northampton. Every one of the home clubs won. New Brompton beating West Ham by two goals to nil. Kettering defeating Brentford by three goals to two. Luton getting the better of Watford by four goals to one, and Queen's Park Rangers overcoming Bristol Rovers by two goals to nil.

Wales certainly are not lucky in their "soccer" International this season. England were fortunate to beat them; and last Monday Scotland had all the best of the luck, and then only won by a goal to nothing. It was a mistake by Morgan-Owen that let Speedie up, and the Glasgow Ranger scored the only goal of the game.

The Rugby trial match at Leeds last Saturday was one of the most disappointing contests imaginable, and it told the Union officials precious little. The team representing England beat the "Rest" fifteen by five tries to two; but, as I have said, the form was poor. As a result of the match Hulme has been dropped in favour of Kendall, who will captain the side against Scotland to-morrow week. Every one of the players has previously been "capped," but there are four men—Kendall, Pierce, Fletcher, and



THE GREAT MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK—GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP: OVER THE PRELIMINARY FENCE.

MARPESSA (WINNER) ON RIGHT; AMBUSH II. (THE KING'S HORSE) ON LEFT. AMBUSH II. RAN THIRD.

stead H.), G. Pearce (Unity A.C.), A. Aldridge (Kent A.C.), J. Thomas (Birchfield H.), and P. J. Randles (Birchfield H.)

LACROSSE.

To-day (Saturday) the final tie of the South of England Senior Flag Tournament will be decided at Lord's. Woodford and Catford being the contestants. Catford earned the right to meet the Essex team by virtue of a victory over Blackheath last Saturday to the extent of six goals to three. This looks a ready win enough, but in reality the Heathens put up a really good fight, and led at the interval by three goals to two. Dodd and Harvard playing particularly well. However, Catford stayed the better, and after they had equalised in the second half there was little doubt as to the ultimate issue.—BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

RACING MEN are, and always have been, great believers in coincidences. As a member of that body, the racing community, I most seriously subscribe to the faith indicated, not only because my fancy lies that way, but since, in long connection with the Turf, I have found such mechanical tips, portents, omens, sortileges, or whatever you please to call them, pay for following. Logically, you cannot defend any theory based on accident, but luck defies logic. I do not say that if you always took odd incidents that struck your attention and depended upon them as guides you would be bound to do well; and, no doubt, I, with most who have been led to trade on what may be called outside tips, would forget the failures, while remembering successes that seem remarkable. All that I know about, and yet profess myself a believer.

Taking the line involved, I am going to give a double-event tip for the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National—namely,

Sceptre and Drumree.

to win the first big flat-race handicap and the greatest steeplechase of the year.

I daresay P.I.P. readers will doubt whether I really found my prophecy on the coincidence now mentioned. On Monday, being in the City, I met my old friend Mr. Morrison, owner of Drumree, who so gallantly won the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase at Sandown. I won't say that he gave me a tip, for, as a matter of fact, I gave him one. He asked me what would win the Grand National, to which query I made reply, "You will if you get a good jockey to replace Hugh Nugent now that he is laid up with a broken collar-bone." That was the way I came into touch with the owner of the horse I now consider most likely to land at Aintree. Within a few minutes I received a letter from Mr. Bob Sievier saying that Sceptre's accident was not of a nature to upset her chance, and that he thought she ought to make up for last year's failure. That was a somewhat curious double tip, was it not?

In committing myself to take my chance with this pair I am going on luck and also the old maxim of trusting in the Lord and keeping your powder dry. As a matter of fact, I did not require any egging on to give Mr. Sievier's beautiful mare preference at Lincoln, and Drumree recommended himself by his performance. Friends will remember that all last year I was a Sceptre man, a fact through which I should think they profited. The mare always has been a great favourite of mine, and I should be most ungrateful to desert her. As for Drumree, his going very close seems only a question of his being fit and well ridden.

Mr. Sievier has once more gone against conventional ideas in training his mare, but his methods have generally paid, and whether he wins or loses, we are bound to admire his pluck. This will not be an easy race to win, although it is evidently drying up. My great fear is that she may not get off too well, and a favourable start on the Carlisle makes a world of difference. All along I have told readers that we are nearly sure to find a favourite come from Lord Carnarvon's string, and one out of Morton's stable. My prophecy has been realised so far that Mauvezin has been rushed to 9 to 1. The move for Morton's pick has yet to be made, but is almost certain to arrive.

Sandown's racing worked a revolution in the Grand National betting. Drumree so easily disposed of all opposition in the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase that he naturally appeared to put the opposition out of court. Certainly we may make too little excuse for the beaten horses' defeat. At the same time, I am afraid his failure shows that Matthew has degenerated into a careless jumper, for which I am sorry. My old favourite Shannon Lass's performance was most dispiriting. Possibly her inability to do herself justice either in galloping or jumping can be put down to a sort of stage-fright. Before she ran at Esher, in the previous meeting, she did not know what falling meant. Unfortunately, she then came to grief while going remarkably well, and bruised her shoulder badly. Her owner, most tender-hearted of sportsmen for his cattle, had got her right round again, and very likely the Lass might have run very differently on another course. As it was, though she came to Sandown looking blooming, she was in sorry case when she went on to the course.

Apology for her defeat can be readily framed without detracting from the brilliancy of Drumree's win. How to find extension for Ambush's sorry display in the Grand Military Gold Cup I do not know. The King's trainer and the popular Mr. "Tommy" Lushington, who manages the stable, believed that Ambush could give Marpessa 2 at., there or thereabout. As the race was run Ambush never had a chance with Major Eustace Loder's splendid young chaser. As I read the race the former could not flatter his backers at any part of the contest, nor for that matter in the preliminary gallop. At his best he has a curious action and is heavy on the hand. When at his best he would gallop with great resolution. Last Friday he showed no interest in his work, put his ears back, and was always ready to shirk, no matter what his pilot, the popular Captain Reginald Ward, did with him. On the other hand, Marpessa went freely from start to finish, and at no time was troubled.

As soon as Mr. Nugent was disabled, Birch offered to ride Drumree, as Delivery was reported *hors de combat*. Unless the latter is a non-starter this jockey's engagement for him must hold good, and Monday's market favoured the idea of Mr. Collins's horse being all right. Should Delivery be a starter I think that most probably Penny Woodlands will be seen up on Drumree.

Perdicus, thought to be almost a certainty when beaten by the last-named, did very badly indeed; in fact, his form must be too bad to be true. It is quite refreshing to find old Manifesto, who will be ridden by George Williamson, backed in earnest, although the stable companion Deerslayer may turn out the stable's best.

Rock Sand is pleasing his trainer very much indeed, and on Monday all the money available at 7 to 2 was taken.

I have not done more than refer incidentally to the Grand Military Steeplechase Meeting, which was a great success, because I thought that gossip on the big future events would be more interesting. **BENDIGO.**



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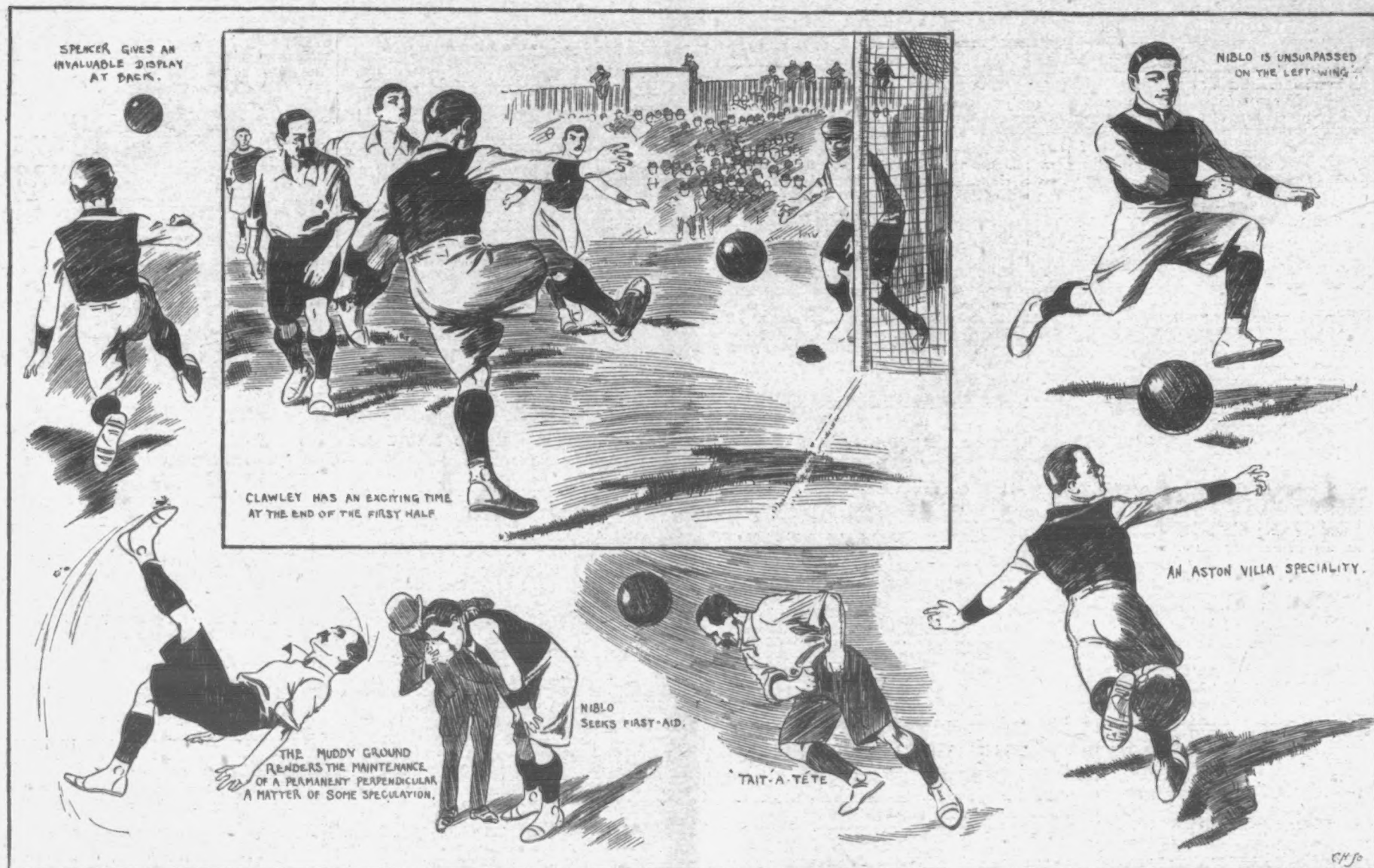
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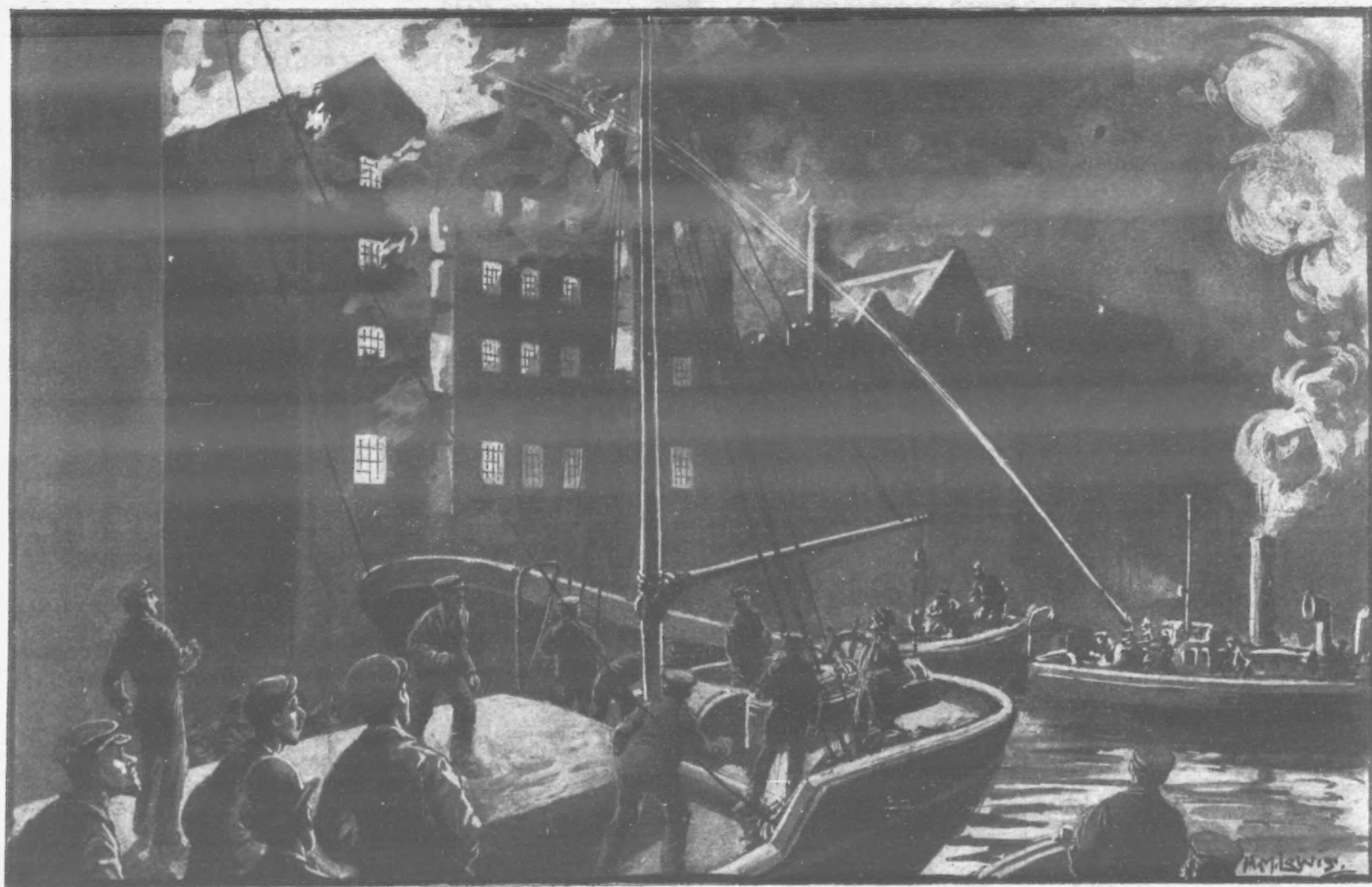
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CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

THE ROOT OF EVIL.

"Do what you please with it, so long as you don't discuss the subject in that penetrating tone of voice," retorted Mr. Jelf. "But be careful to choose an artistic lie while you are about it. I don't happen to know the precise colour of Alaskan gold, nor could you describe the scenery convincingly if you were asked to do so."

"Humph!" observed his friend; "you're a sharp hand, Jelf. Well, I must have the stuff made up myself into an inkstand or something, and then, if I want to, I can pawn or sell it. Not a bad idea. I'll tell some jeweller a fairy tale, and have the lot made up, Jelf. It's the safest way to dispose of it."

He picked up the remaining ingots. Mr. Jelf watched him discontentedly.

"It may be," he allowed; "but don't forget that I want my share of the plunder. A nice job it's been for me!"

Mr. George Lynch chuckled. "You'll not lose by it, Jelf," he said; "trust you for that!"

He strode towards the ladder exit, carrying the third and fourth ingots in his hands.

"Ah, by the way," he added, "I bought a copy of the local rag to-day. That confounded inquest has resulted in nothing—the police had no further evidence. Verdict, 'Some person or persons unknown.' We're all right; my policy never fails. A cool head and a smooth face. The safest place for a criminal is under a policeman's nose."

He chuckled again, and descended through the trap to the coach-house below. With his hands in his pockets he sauntered into Deepdene, crossed a metamorphosed hall, and entered the drawing-room. It had been well, even handsomely, refurbished, but its atmosphere was heavy with the reek of stale tobacco.

Mr. George Lynch sank into a club-chair by a smoking-table, put the still warm ingots down on the latter, and gazed at them.

"The root of evil," he muttered thoughtfully; "four nice, hard, yellow lumps of it. Well, to the victors belong the spoils. And yet—"

He stopped, and flung a copy of *Punch* over the bars of gold; a servant had come into the room. The man held a salver before him. On it lay a card, inscribed—

COLONEL OWEN RUTHERFORD.

"Humph!" said Mr. George Lynch to himself in a confidential aside, and he contemplated the slip of pasteboard. "I reckon this is because I am now, as the tenant of this damp old shanty, a personage in Ingfield. The gallant Colonel did not trouble to look me up at the Station Hotel. Well, I suppose I must be agreeable. Show him in," he added aloud.

The servant went away. His master took up the copy of *Punch* that screened the warm ingots of precious metal, threw it into a corner, and substituted half-a-dozen freshly opened letters that lay near. They formed a more natural screen, and were less liable to be displaced.

He had scarcely achieved this piece of strategy when the Colonel stalked into the room, plucking off his driving-gloves as he entered. Mr. George Lynch got up and extended his hand.

"Glad you have found me out, Colonel," he observed; "I believe we have not met since I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance in—or rather before—this very house. Sit down, sit down; won't you let me offer you the usual masculine amenities—a cigar or a drink? Or is it too early in the day for the latter?"

Owen Rutherford touched the proffered fingers, his eyes lingering for a moment on the stiff, unnatural digit. Then he sank into a chair facing that from which his host had risen.

"Thanks," he said, "I will join you in a cigar; but, to be honest, I have a liver to think of, and it puts me on rather a small allowance of liquor."

He trifled with his riding-gloves and met cheerfully the glance of his host's blue eyes.

"I must apologise for leaving our acquaintanceship so long uncultivated, Mr. Lynch," he said; "but I am, as you may know, caught in the meshes of the law, though not in the worst meaning of that phrase. I have the misfortune to be one of the few resident Justices of the Peace in these parts, and really I'm beginning to find that Petty Sessions encroaches upon a good deal of my leisure. You don't shoot, I gather, or we might have met often."

Mr. Lynch yawned. "Not as yet, in England," he answered; "though I have shot most shootable things in my time, and hope to include the British partridge and pheasant in the list. But I have been too busy finding a house and getting into it to think about much else, especially as I have been smitten with the motor craze. Do you motor?"

The Colonel shook his head laughingly as he accepted and lit a cigar. "It would mean too much trouble with my magisterial colleagues," he said; "they are most of them violent anti-motorists. I really couldn't stand being fined by my own bench."

He blew out the match he had been using and put the charred end into an ash-tray on the smoking-table by him. His hands brushed against the opened letters covering the ingots. He scarcely noticed that the scrawled sheets were warm, and yet it did not quite escape his attention. He chatted on to his host, speaking of such trivial matters as might form the casual topics of two country gentlemen.

From the beginning of his interview with Mr. Lynch, the Colonel's glance had been wandering covertly to the latter's smart, well-shod feet. They were long and narrow, and clad in glossy boots of an American model. The ash on Owen Rutherford's cigar accumulated and he flipped it off into the tray at his elbow. The edge of his hand rested on the heap of letters, and he felt the heat of the metal beneath them. This time it fixed his attention.

Mr. George Lynch had been watching the movement of his visitor's hand. He reached over. "Allow me," he said, and slewed the table round. The act brought the ash-tray nearer to the Colonel and reversed the position of the letters and the concealed bars of metal.

The Colonel acknowledged the courtesy, and, lounging in the comfortable club-chair, puffed at his cigar. Occasionally his gaze drifted back to the small heap of documents. One of these swift and apparently passing glances penetrated between the papers and perceived the dull yellow, irregular surface of the ingots. The expression of his features did not change by a fraction. But, after that, he did not look again towards the smoking-table, and the spark of light in his piercing grey eyes was, if anything, keener and more sparkling than before.

At length, he slipped a finger and thumb into the outer breast-pocket of his morning-coat and drew out a handkerchief. It was a silk handkerchief, of a maroon colour, and on it had yellow hieroglyphics worked into a species of pattern. Mr. George Lynch's gaze settled upon it, but he made no remark. Owen Rutherford flicked away with the handkerchief some cigar-ash that had fallen on his knee and moved as if to put back the square of silk. He stopped and pulled it out again.

"Oh," he said; "you've knocked about the world a good deal, Mr. Lynch, I believe; did you ever happen to acquire any knowledge of Chinese?"

His host answered with a protesting gesture. "My dear Sir," he was told, "I am mentally one of the laziest of persons, and Chinese is supposed to be one of the hardest of all hard nuts to crack. But why do you ask?"

Owen Rutherford showed him the handkerchief. "This is the reason," he responded; "I can see myself that it is Chinese, and the dealer from whom I bought it says that it is some sort of a luck-charm, or invocation to the goddess of fortune. I want to get the stuff translated—purely out of curiosity, of course. And yet the thing has a grim association. You may have heard of that incident which happened up at my place on the moor—the finding of a poor beggar in a queer underground nook that forms a sort of showplace of ours? But you may not read the papers."

"Y—yes," said Mr. George Lynch, after a pause of elaborate reflection; "I did just notice something about it. Some suggestion of foul play, wasn't there?"

"Quite so," replied his visitor; "a bit of a silk handkerchief had been tied round the wretch's throat and drawn tight. Well, the fatal bandage was a scrap of such a handkerchief as this, and I took the trouble to get a London curio-dealer to hunt me one out. It seems that not many are imported—here and there a sailor will bring one home and part with it for a few shillings. Odd, isn't it; the spell didn't mean any luck to that poor, strangled wretch. But then it may not have been his handkerchief; it may have been the—murderer's."

"In which case," said Mr. George Lynch, with a yawn, "as the fellow who did the—what do your newspaper reporters call it?—the horrid deed, hasn't been found, the spell may be responsible for his luck. I'm sorry I don't know Chinese, though—it may not be a luck charm, after all. You ought to send it to some bureau of translation."

Owen Rutherford pocketed the silken square. "That is an excellent idea, Mr. Lynch," he confessed; "I must act on it."

He was silent for a moment, secretly studying his host.

"Oh," he said abruptly, "I mustn't forget my errand. I am making up a little shooting-party for to-morrow. Mrs. East has placed some of the Court coverts at my disposal. There will not, of course, be much shooting over the estate this year in view of Marsden's death, but the birds need thinning a bit, and I am getting some half-dozen guns together. We shall breakfast at the Chasms and drive down. Will you join us?"

Mr. George Lynch smiled suddenly; the smile had something in it of relief.

"I shall be more than delighted," he said. Owen Rutherford took up his hat and gloves and rose. As he did so he contrived to knock against the smoking-table; it pitched over, precipitating to the floor a couple of cigar-boxes, a match-stand, and the ingots of gold, together with their covering documents.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed; and stooped to right the table. His host thrust it away with a foot, pushing it to hide the small heavy bars of metal. The carpet was thick, and supplemented at that point by a rug; the ingots had dropped almost noiselessly.

"Confound the thing!" he exclaimed with affected irritation. "I hate these modern,

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topheavy, spindle-shanked contrivances. I've knocked it over a score of times myself. By the way, what time do you breakfast?"

The Colonel was out-jockeyed. "Oh, round about nine," he said; "but there's a good deal of the Liberty Hall atmosphere at the Chasms; it's a tradition of the place. *Au revoir.*"

He shook hands with Mr. George Lynch, the latter rang, and the Colonel followed the servant out of the room. Left alone, Mr. Lynch muttered an oath and bent to catch up the ingots. He dropped them again: the Colonel had come back into the apartment.

"I say, Lynch," he observed, "if you haven't got all your traps down yet, don't worry. I can lend you a gun."

"Thank you," said Mr. George Lynch, regaining his mental equilibrium with an effort; "I will leave myself in your hands. Nine o'clock, I think you said."

"Or thereabouts," answered Owen Rutherford; with another cheerful *au revoir* he took his leave in earnest.

Mr. George Lynch whipped the ingots into his pocket, gained an adjoining room, and locked them safely away. Coming back into the drawing-room, he went to the French windows, threw them open, and passed through. The Colonel's dogcart was just turning out of the avenue into the road.

"Curse me if I can be sure!" muttered Mr. George Lynch. "Did he knock that table over on purpose? I believe he tumbled to the heat of those infernal ingots. That doesn't matter—nothing but curiosity ungratified, as it happens, for he didn't see much; I took care of that."

He stood cussing his chin with his thumb and stiff forefinger. "But that handkerchief," he muttered; "did he show that to me with any intention? He rather dragged it in, I fancied. Yet no, if he had had any motive, it would have prevented him showing me the thing, and so arousing my suspicions. Besides, he's invited me to shoot with him and his friends. Bah! I'm growing womanishly fanciful."

Stepping out of the window, he strolled along the front of the house in the direction of the stables. On his way he encountered a lean commonplace form in yellow check garments. Their wearer was Hackett, and he was making for the recessed porch that formed the entrance to the riverside residence.

When his eyes fell upon Mr. George Lynch, he started and relapsed into a fixed, mesmerised stare. The other paused and returned the gaze coldly.

The artist's attendant shook off his trance and made a step towards the lounging, indolent figure. He had a letter in his hand, and he extended it. It was addressed to "Miss Nora East."

"I believe this is Deepdene, Sir," he said; "Mrs. East's place, Sir?"

Mr. Lynch shrugged his shoulders. "It is Deepdene," he retorted, "and it was Mrs. East's. If you apply at the front door or the back, the servants will no doubt tell you her present whereabouts."

Hackett drew back slowly, still staring at the speaker.

"Th—thank you," he said; "I—I—thank you, Sir." He turned away, as though breaking the spell of some singular fascination, but looked round again. Mr. Lynch had resumed his walk towards the stables.

Hackett clenched his fists. "My God!" he said; "his eyes, his voice, his—"

The artist's attendant ground his teeth, leaving the passionate exclamation unfinished. He leaned against the side of the porch, gasping like one who has received an overwhelming shock. Finally he pulled himself together, rang at the door, and made the inquiry suggested so insolently by Mr. George Lynch.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"THE PATER OUGHT TO KNOW."

"Well, I think that accounts for everything, and you may start as soon as you like. Pompon goes with you, by the way. You took my bag to the Court?"

"Yes, Sir," was the answer. The artist's attendant lingered in the doorway that led to his diminutive kitchen. "Can you spare me a moment before I put the horse in, Sir?" he added.

Austin Damer paid but little attention; he himself had spoken absent-mindedly. Standing in the corner of his wheeled studio, he relapsed into an undecided scrutiny of his big canvas. It was in a state appreciably near completion, and the study of it afforded him a certain satisfaction. He had got into it the chill yet bright mingling of three seasons that he had so ardently desired. The yellow sunlight and windy blue sky of summer, the warm reds and browns of an upland autumn, the moist soft green of spring blended as they could only do at the period he had chosen to represent.

"It ought to knock them," he muttered; "there's air in it and wet sunlight, and a sense of breezy elevation in the foreground, with a sparkling definition about the middle distance. But—good Heavens!—I've looked myself out of all confidence. Take it away, Hackett, and let me forget it. And when you reach London put it in the studio and lock the door; and don't let me see it till the first fine morning after my return. When I set eyes on it again I shall know what I really think of it."

He started and broke off. "Did you ask me something?" he inquired. Hackett assented.

"I wanted to speak to you, Sir," he said nervously; "that is, I didn't want to speak, Sir, but I'm sure I ought to."

"It sounds like a riddle," observed his master. "However, as there is an ought in the matter, speak and have done with it. But be quick, or you won't get to Ingwell Station in time to be booked on to the London express."

Hackett came across the small apartment. "You remember about a fortnight ago," he said, "when young Mr. Rutherford was here, Pompon getting into a state, Sir, and insisting on your coming through to the kitchen? I told you I thought I'd seen someone outside."

"Yes," answered the artist, "I recollect the occasion. Has it—has it some bearing upon your present communication?"

"It has, Sir," replied Hackett; "I wasn't mistaken. I must have seen the—the person I thought I did see, though I had—had fancied him dead or thousands of miles away."

Austin Damer regarded his attendant curiously. "Indeed," he remarked; "and this person—"

He stopped, giving the phrase the effect of a query.

Hackett came a step closer. "Is Mrs. East's husband," he said, "Miss East's father—George Ferris—Three-Fingered George—the biggest forger, thief, and scoundrel that Australia ever produced. I saw him yesterday by daylight, and knew him, as I should know him in a thousand, as I knew him that evening in the light from the door—by his wicked blue eyes and his long, thin nose. But he has dyed his moustache, hair, and eyebrows, and shaved off his

beard, in addition to sticking a wax finger on to his stump."

The artist knitted his brows. "George Ferris," he repeated; "Mrs. East's husband. Then she was not free to marry Mr. Marsden?"

"No, Sir," rejoined Hackett drily, "though she may well have fancied him dead. But he's not dead, except maybe as George Ferris. His name now is Lynch. Sir, it appears, and he's living at Deepdene; he's the new tenant there, they say."

Austin Damer whistled. "By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, and was silent, pondering. "Are you sure, Hackett," he asked at length—"sure beyond the shadow of a doubt?"

"Beyond the faintest possible shadow, Sir," said his attendant. "You see, I wasn't aware that Mrs. East had moved to Ingle Court, and when you gave me that note yesterday for Miss Nora, and put no address on it, I went to Deepdene with it. Going up to the house, I passed him in the garden. It seemed incredible that it should be he, and so I made an excuse to speak, and the voice was his, Sir, in spite of its Yankee drawl."

The artist reflected. "The new tenant at Deepdene," he murmured; "yes, it is a Mr.

Lynch. So Mrs. East must be aware of his identity, since you, who cannot know him so well, discovered it. What—what can be the explanation of his masquerade?"

Hackett shrugged his shoulders. "That isn't hard to guess," Austin Damer was told; "either he's found her out and is blackmailing her, or he and she have been in league all along for some purpose."

"Good heavens!" cried the artist, "what a frightful tangle! But—but Nora—Miss East, she does not know; she would not have kept it from me."

"Probably not, Sir," said his attendant; "but there is no reason why she should have learned it. I suspect that the scoundrel's best hold over his wife would be her anxiety to keep their shameful past from the little lass. Begging your pardon, Sir."

Austin Damer picked his inverted painting-stool out of a corner, righted it, and sat down.

"Hackett," he observed, "I've got to get at the facts of this so-called shameful past. You spoke of the man Ferris just now as a forger; you have done so before. Am I to understand that both Mrs.—well, let us call her

Mrs. East, and her husband suffered imprisonment for forgery?"

"Yes, Sir," answered his attendant; "in Australia; for a series of clever frauds on banks, Sir. It was thought that she was only his innocent tool; but it couldn't be proved, and he wouldn't help the proving of it. He had his knife in her, Sir, because she did her utmost to get me off. I was high as innocent as she—Heaven help me!—yet I stood in the dock beside her."

Hackett bit his lip, and his swarthy face flushed a painful crimson.

"Ferris got twelve years, Sir," he went on; "she—poor thing!—two, and I twelve months. If there be any truth in the Inglefield stories of her being from South America, she must have gone there from the colony, and done well. She may have done, for she was clever enough with horses and cattle: she had been a gentleman-squatter's daughter. I was but a young chap at the time, and it put a stain on me. I got out of Australia, too, in the end; but, as you know, Sir, I had no luck till I met you."

He looked mournfully at the artist. "Oh, Sir," he added, "why wouldn't you take my advice and leave Inglefield as soon as you found

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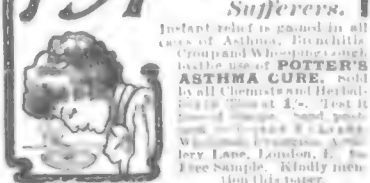
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**PIONEER
Tobacco**

out what the Easts were? I almost wish now
that I had blown the gaff on Mrs. Ferris in
Inglefield, or gone down myself—as I've often
been sorely tempted to do—and frightened her.
It wouldn't have been difficult: I believe she
recognised me that day."

Austin Damer sighed. "It wouldn't have
been any use, Hackett," he said. "There is
not a great deal of cash among our branch of
the Dammers, but there is a crest and a motto.
The crest is two clasped hands, and the motto
is, 'Once for all.' You could not have parted
Miss East and I; I am glad that you did not
try. I might only have quarrelled irreparably
with a good friend and servant."

He rose from the painting-stool, went to the
big window of the caravan, and gazed out over
the moor. Suddenly he faced about.

"Hackett," he remarked, "supposing you
did see this fellow Lynch, or Ferris, up here
that night, what the dickens was he prowling
round the caravan for? Was he spying on
you?"

"That's what I thought, Sir," answered
Hackett. "He must have noticed me in Ingle-
field, fancied he knew me, and come up here
quietly to try and get a glimpse of me and make
sure."

"Humph!" said the artist; "maybe. It
seems feasible enough. But the sight of you
doesn't appear to have exerted any very alarm-
ing effect on him, since he subsequently took
Deepdene and settled down, ostensibly for good."

"Yes, Sir," admitted Hackett, "but I couldn't
do him that much harm, Sir—only brand him for
what he is, a discharged convict. He'd not
think I'd be likely to do anything but blackmail
him, even if I spotted him, which he would hope
I shouldn't do."

Austin Damer scribbled idly on the clouded
window-pane. "Possibly that is true, Hackett,"
he rejoined; "however, you needn't start for
London just yet. I will turn matters over in my
mind and let you know the result. I can con-
tinue, of course, to rely on your discretion?"

"You may, Sir," said his attendant; "and
shall I fetch your bag back from Ingle Court?"

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed the artist.
"I shall spend a few days there, as I had
arranged to; but I will stroll over to-morrow—
you may want to go into town to replenish the
larder. Can you manage for to-day?"

Hackett answered, a little brusquely, in the
affirmative. The artist, substituting a hard felt
hat for the soft broad-brimmed one he had been
wearing, passed out of the studio. From the
threshold he looked back: he had not been
oblivious to the tone in which Hackett had
replied to his last question.

"I really must have a chance to consider the
position, Hackett," he said, with a friendly
simplicity; "but I am greatly indebted to you
for your discretion and candour. I will deal
with you in a fashion equally as frank."

The other's expression changed. "I beg your
pardon, Sir," he responded; "I might have
known that. Not that I've any right to expect
it, but Ferris is as clever as a fiend, and per-
haps I am better acquainted with his tricks than
you could be by guess-work. That was all
I meant, Sir."

"I'm sure of it, Hackett," said his master;
"and I will not deal in any way with Mr.
Ferris, or even approach him, without your
approval."

The artist nodded a cheerful farewell,
descended from the caravan, and crossed the
wayside turf. But he did not go down the road
in the direction of Inglefield. Instead, he went
up the slope towards the Chasms.

Meditatively he sauntered onwards, his hands
behind him, his head bent. At that point in
the road, where Philip Rutherford had stopped
so abruptly during their evening walk from the
caravan to the grey limestone house on the crest
of the moor, he paused and glanced reflectively
about him. Then, with no less absorption, he
pursued his way along the upland road.

In due course it brought him to the Ruther-
ford residence; he rang at the iron-studded
oaken doors and asked for Philip Rutherford.

"He is in the music-room, Sir," explained
the servant who had opened to him, "as you
can hear, Sir."

Austin Damer stood still in the wide, vaulted
hall. The sound of an organ came to his ears.
Philip Rutherford was no mean performer on
that instrument; but the chords were melan-
choly and long drawn out—the musician was
playing a gloomy and monotonous fugue.

The servant—an old and privileged one—
made a grimace. "Master Philip has got the
dismals, to be sure, Sir," he said; "and so
have all of us, a-listening to him. It will be a
mercy of you to take him off it, Mr. Damer, Sir,
for he's been playing like you for days."

The artist laughed and passed on into the
apartment whence the lugubrious sounds eman-
ated. The person he sought was seated on the
bench of a fine organ whose moaning pipes rose
far above him. He was lost in a mournful
ecstasy. Austin Damer stole up to him and laid
a hand on his shoulder.

Philip started. "By Jove!" he exclaimed;
"how did you get here?"

"In the usual manner," said the newcomer;
"but if I'd known you were worshipping at the
shrine of Bach I question if I should have dared
to invade the sacred precincts."

The younger man took his feet off the pedals
and got up.

"Bach be hanged!" he ejaculated; "I was
improvising, and felt like that. I'm very glad
to see you, though. Have you come for a game

"KEATING'S LOZENGES cure the worst Cough."

Quick Relief—

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Sold in tins only, 13d. each, everywhere.—[Advt.]

of billiards, or had you some more definite
object?"

"Well," replied the artist; "perhaps I had.
You recollect, when we walked over from my
caravan to dinner, you saw someone on the way
whose presence apparently surprised you. You
didn't mention his name. Do you mind my
asking—I have a reason—if it was a Mr.
Lynch?"

Philip hesitated. "Y—yes," he said; "it
was. Are you—are you especially interested in
Mr. Lynch?"

The artist made a gesture of indifference.
"Slightly," he responded. Philip Rutherford
looked at him irresolutely.

"One moment, Mr. Damer," he said; "I
think the matter ought to know that."

And without giving the artist time to answer,
he left the room.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I HAVE had a long look round at the shops
in order to pick up hints for my readers in
the matter of dress, and it seems to me that
pleated skirts are just now in favour. I say
just now, for the fashion will not last; and for
this reason: These pleated skirts must be either
unlined, or the lining must hang loose from the
waist, and every woman who is obliged to walk,
or to travel in omnibuses, knows how uncom-
fortable it is to have a skirt with a loose lining.
If there is a carriage to go about in, or if the
wearer spends her life seated or standing still,
all goes well, and the pleated skirt looks charm-
ing; if not, it flaps about the feet, and if it is
held up the chances are that the hands fail to
catch the lining, and so it flaps about quite free,
and is very inelegant. All this being so, the
woman of small means cannot

Indulge in a Pleated Skirt.

Bodices are made in many styles, and the
sleeves, which are still wide, have very deep
cuffs—so deep that they reach half-way to the
elbow. Collars, made of the same material as
the dress, and with short stole-ends, which do
not quite reach to the waist, are very much worn
at present. In warm weather they will take the
place of a coat or short jacket. They are not
fastened to the bodice, as they are not needed
for wear in the house. These collars, or little
shoulder-capes, will, I think, be one of the

Fashions of the Coming Season.

and we shall see them in lace and soft silk
and other light materials. This is a return to a
very old and effective fashion, but if made at
home, the amateur must look to it that she
arranges her shoulder-seams properly, or she will
make the line too long and too sloping, and
spoil the effect. Trimmings are very fashion-
able, but second-rate, and domestic dress-makers
are very prone to put too much trimming on their
gowns. Just enough and no more is what must
be aimed at. Serges and tweeds look well always
if well cut and very little trimmed: an over-
trimmed woman is a woman spoiled. As to hats
and toques, I can say with truth that

I Have Not Seen a Really Pretty Model

of either as yet. There is very little altera-
tion in the shape, or it may be that the newest
styles have not found their way into the great
show-rooms of the West End. In a few weeks,
if fine weather sets in, there will be a different
story to tell. The prettiest of the many models
of new headgear which were shown to me were a
novelty only in the straw of which some of them
were made.

The short sac bolero will be very much worn
this spring. It is not becoming to all figures,
as it gives a rather clumsy appearance to the
form, and stout women cannot wear it. It is
usually longer before than behind, and stole-
ends fall in front and are graceful in effect; but
the coat itself stands out from the figure all
round, hence the unbecomingness to short or
tall stout women.

Belts are Becoming Wider,

and they push the pouch up in a not too grace-
ful manner; but the belt which is wide at the
back and narrow in front is still in favour.

That famous firm, John Noble, Limited, send
me some patterns of dress fabrics for spring and
summer wear, including Donegal tweeds, voiles,
amures, zibelines, and others at prices from 8s. 6d.
to 4s. 6d. a yard. All, without exception, seem
to me to be excellent value for money. The cloths
specially appealing to me being—

The Alps, 41 in. wide, 1s. 2d. the yard.	The Newhaven, 42 in. wide, 1s. 4 1/2d. the yard.
The Economic, 41 in. wide, 1s. 4 1/2d. the yard.	The Butte, 41 in. wide, 1s. 6d. the yard.
The Venus, 41 in. wide, 1s. 6d. the yard.	The Nizam, 42 in. wide, 1s. 9d. the yard.
The Cairo, 41 in. to 43 in. wide, 1s. 9 1/2d. the yard.	The Lochinvar, 41 in. to 42 in. wide, 1s. 11 1/2d. the yard.
The St. Clair, 41 in. wide, 2s. the yard.	The Maharaja, 41 in. wide, 2s. 3d. the yard.
The Canton, 42 in. wide, 2s. 3d. the yard.	The Tourist, 42 in. wide, 2s. 6d. the yard.
The Renown, 51 in. to 55 in. wide, 2s. 9d. the yard.	The Bisle, 61 in. to 52 in. wide, 2s. 10 1/2d. the yard.
The Maitland, 42 in. wide, 2s. 11 1/2d. the yard.	The Queen, 41 in. wide, 2s. 11 1/2d. the yard.
	The Invincible, 54 in. wide, 2s. 11 1/2d. the yard.

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free, on approval, to any reader, from which a
pleasing selection can be made without the
trouble and fatigue of "shopping."

Everyone is talking of the surprisingly

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Marie Hall, whose playing has taken us all
by surprise, and the musicians say that she will

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be one of the finest women violinists ever
heard; indeed, although only nineteen, she is a
perfect wonder. In execution and power of
expression she is unique. She is one of the
daughters of not very well-to-do parents in
Bristol, but a gentleman of that place, who
heard her play when she was quite young, was
so struck by her talent that he gave her parents
a helping hand in her education, and later, by
the advice of Herr Kubelik, she was sent to
Prague to study under his former master for
two years. There she worked very hard, and
she has now, if all goes well, a great career
before her. She gave a recital at St. James's
Hall last week, and will no doubt be heard
many times in London during the season.

I have very often been asked to give a few
recipes for dishes suitable for the Lenten season.
Here is a very nice one for

Eggs and Macaroni.

Boil some macaroni—the quantity is not stated
in the recipe—in water, with some salt in it;
when quite done and tender, arrange it in a sort
of mound in the middle of a flat dish; sprinkle
it with a little pepper and salt, and a small
portion of grated cheese. Keep it quite hot,
and arrange upon it some eggs—say four, if
the mound will admit—which have been firmly
poached. They must not be underdone, or the
yokes will run all over the dish and spoil it;
the whites must be neatly trimmed. Then
place a border of nicely cooked spinach round
the outer edge of the macaroni, and serve very
hot. Well and carefully made, this is a delicious
dish.

Haricot Eggs

is another nice and popular Lenten dish. Soak
the haricot beans overnight (again the quantity
is not stated; I am sorry to say that cooks are
very prone to leave out details), simmer them in
milk-and-water until quite tender, and keep
them hot until it is time to dish up. Toast
some slices of bread; butter them, and place
them on a very hot dish. Poach four or five
eggs, trim them neatly, and arrange them on the
buttered toast. Surround the whole with a
border of haricot beans, and over them pour
some egg-sauce.

A correspondent writes to say that she

Cannot Keep Her Silver Clean.

It is very easy to keep silver clean and bright if
it is in constant use; if not in use it turns black,
but the blackness does not signify. If it can be
kept from the air the blackness will not come.
To clean it, wash it in two baths of hot soapsuds,
one after the other; dry it immediately with a fine
dry cloth; polish with a piece of chamois leather.
If it looks dull, clean it with a little prepared
chalk made into a paste with sweet oil, or common
whiting made into a paste with a little whisky.
Whiting is nothing but powdered chalk freed
from all rough particles. Nothing rough should
be used on silver.

To a question about drinking black coffee,
or cocoa with milk, after dinner, I reply that
if my correspondent suffers from indigestion,
she should give up coffee. I know that it is
considered an aid to digestion, but it is a
great mistake. Freshly made tea is more whole-
some, but either taken immediately after dinner
is bad. Sufferers from indigestion should not
drink at meals at all, and very little for some
time after eating. Drinking just before or at
meals is bad for digestion, and so also is eating
too much heavy food—or, indeed, too much food
of any kind.

I have got a charming little poem with which
to wind up to-day. A friend found it in one of
the many excellent penny publications of the
present day. It is called—

Give It a Thought.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way:
Perchance a look will suffice to cheer
The cloud from a neighbour's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought!
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch—
What magic with them is wrought!

MARGUERITE.

The Prince of Wales visited the last motor-car
exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, London, and the recent
patronage of the Automobile Club by the King lends to
the hope that Royalty will again be present at the Auto-
mobile Exhibition which opens at the same place on
March 21. One of the features of the display will be the
collection of representative motor-car bodies, showing the
prevailing fashion in England, France, and elsewhere. The
Hon. C. S. Rolls will exhibit the racing machine on which
he made a record of eighty-two miles per hour, and it is
possible that one of the Gordon Bennett races will also be
on view. Wednesday, the 25th, will be reserved as a club
day, when popular features will be added to the strictly
utilitarian character of the exhibition. The promoter is
Mr. Charles Cordingley, whose 40 h.p. Mercedes is one of
the most famous motor vehicles now in this country.

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The Richardson Electric Belt reinforces the vital energy by sending a current of Electricity into the nerves, and it stimulates the digestion by arousing the nerves governing the stomachic region into healthy action.

We have not space here for a lengthy description of the Richardson Electric Belt, but if you are sufficiently interested to call at this office, or to write us a letter, we will tell you all about the Belt, and furnish you with testimony which should convince you that for dispelling the ailments that arise from disordered digestive and nervous systems, it is able to do what no medicines nor other forms of treatment have ever accomplished.

Most of this testimony comes from persons who have tried all the other treatments without deriving any benefit. We like to hear from such persons, as the rapid improvement which occurs in their health when we succeed in inducing them to use the Richardson Electric Belt is the best advertisement we can receive.

It does not matter how run-down, played out, debilitated, languid, and exhausted you may be, the use of the Richardson Electric Belt will restore you to health and vigour. Never mind how you may suffer from insomnia, dizziness, depression, nausea, or palpitation, the use of the Richardson Belt will set you right. Your blood may be impoverished and impure, your appetite poor, your digestion imperfect, and your spirits low, the use of the Belt will be found a certain and safe remedy.

The Richardson Electric Belt is particularly effective in removing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, heartburn, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and the other ills arising from a deranged stomach, liver, and kidneys. Call upon or write to us at once. If we think the Belt cannot benefit you, we shall not hesitate to tell you so.

The Richardson Electro-Galvanic Belt is scientifically and skilfully made. It generates an electric current, the curative value of which has been proved in thousands of instances. This current pervades the system with a gentle, continuous glow of Health and Energy, but it never burns or blisters. It always does good, and cannot do harm to the most weak and sensitive organisation. It cures, it restores, it re-invigorates, and it re-vitalises and re-energises the entire nervous and digestive system.

A Well-Known Doctor's Opinion.

Dr. ARCHER FARR, L.R.C.P., L.S.A., L.F.P., and S.G., Five Years Medical Officer of Health, Lambeth, London, writes under date Jan. 2, 1903—

"Messrs. A. M. Richardson & Co., 55, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
"Dear Sirs.—I am acquainted with your Electro-Galvanic Belts, and find them to be most valuable curative appliances in the treatment of all functional or organic disorders, especially Liver and Kidney troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and allied ailments, and also in the great variety of affections of the nervous system which involve exhaustion and debility. I have much pleasure in recommending these appliances in all suitable cases."

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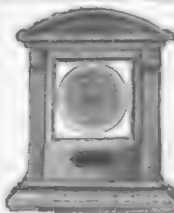
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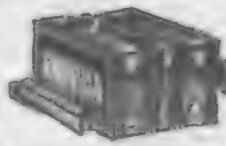
Just send a post-card with your Full Name and Address, promising to return the Jewellery within four weeks if you do not sell it. On receipt of your postcard we will at once send the FIVE articles, which you can sell in a few minutes among your friends. When sold you will send us the 7s. 6d. received for same and we will at once despatch the present chosen by you.

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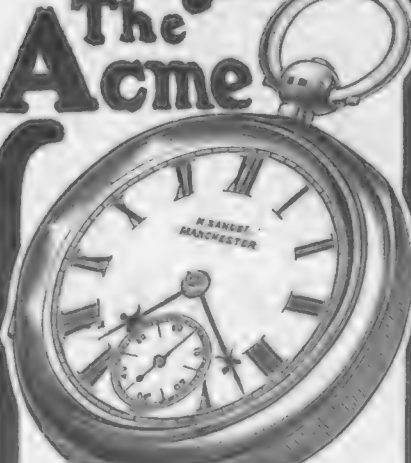
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A DOUBLE MASK.

BY R. NORMAN SILVER.

AUTHOR OF "HATE, THE DESTROYER," "WARDERS OF THE DEEP," "THE SHADOW BETWEEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

THE ROOT OF EVIL.

"Do what you please with it, so long as you don't discuss the subject in that penetrating tone of voice," retorted Mr. Jelf. "But be careful to choose an artistic lie while you are about it. I don't happen to know the precise colour of Alaskan gold, nor could you describe the scenery convincingly if you were asked to do so."

"Humph!" observed his friend: "you're a sharp hand, Jelf. Well, I must have the stuff made up myself into an inkstand or something, and then, if I want to, I can pawn or sell it. Not a bad idea. I'll tell some jeweller a fairy tale, and have the lot made up, Jelf. It's the safest way to dispose of it."

He picked up the remaining ingots. Mr. Jelf watched him discontentedly.

"It may be," he allowed: "but don't forget that I want my share of the plunder. A nice job it's been for me!"

Mr. George Lynch chuckled. "You'll not lose by it, Jelf," he said; "trust you for that!"

He strode towards the ladder exit, carrying the third and fourth ingots in his hands.

"Ah, by the way," he added, "I bought a copy of the local rag to-day. That confounded inquest has resulted in nothing—the police had no further evidence. Verdict, 'Some person or persons unknown.' We're all right; my policy never fails. 'A cool head and a smooth face.' The safest place for a criminal is under a policeman's nose."

He chuckled again, and descended through the trap to the coach-house below. With his hands in his pockets he sauntered into Deepdene, crossed a metamorphosed hall, and entered the drawing-room. It had been well, even handsomely, refurbished, but its atmosphere was heavy with the reek of stale tobacco.

Mr. George Lynch sank into a club-chair by a smoking-table, put the still warm ingots down on the latter, and gazed at them.

"The root of evil," he muttered thoughtfully; "four nice, hard, yellow lumps of it. Well, to the victors belong the spoils. And yet—"

He stopped, and flung a copy of *Punch* over the bars of gold; a servant had come into the room. The man held a salver before him. On it lay a card, inscribed—

COLONEL OWEN RUTHERFORD.

"Humph!" said Mr. George Lynch to himself in a confidential aside, and he contemplated the slip of pasteboard: "I reckon this is because I am now, as the tenant of this damp old shanty, a personage in Inglesfield. The gallant Colonel did not trouble to look me up at the Station Hotel. Well, I suppose I must be agreeable. Show him in," he added aloud.

The servant went away. His master took up the copy of *Punch* that screened the warm ingots of precious metal, threw it into a corner, and substituted half-a-dozen freshly opened letters that lay near. They formed a more natural screen, and were less liable to be displaced.

He had scarcely achieved this piece of strategy when the Colonel stalked into the room, plucking off his driving-gloves as he entered. Mr. George Lynch got up and extended his hand.

"Glad you have found me out, Colonel," he observed: "I believe we have not met since I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance in—or rather before—this very house. Sit down, sit down; won't you let me offer you the usual masculine amenities—a cigar or a drink? Or is it too early in the day for the latter?"

Owen Rutherford touched the proffered fingers, his eyes lingering for a moment on the stiff, unnatural digit. Then he sank into a chair facing that from which his host had risen.

"Thanks," he said, "I will join you in a cigar; but, to be honest, I have a liver to think of, and it puts me on rather a small allowance of liquor."

He trifled with his riding-gloves and met cheerfully the glance of his host's blue eyes.

"I must apologise for leaving our acquaintanceship so long uncultivated, Mr. Lynch," he said: "but I am, as you may know, caught in the meshes of the law, though not in the worst meaning of that phrase. I have the misfortune to be one of the few resident Justices of the Peace in these parts, and really I'm beginning to find that Petty Sessions encroaches upon a good deal of my leisure. You don't shoot, I gather, or we might have met often."

Mr. Lynch yawned. "Not as yet, in England," he answered; "though I have shot most shootable things in my time, and hope to include the British partridge and pheasant in the list. But I have been too busy finding a house and getting into it to think about much else, especially as I have been smitten with the motor craze. Do you motor?"

The Colonel shook his head laughingly as he accepted and lit a cigar. "It would mean too much trouble with my magisterial colleagues," he said; "they are most of them violent anti-motorists. I really couldn't stand being fined by my own bench."

He blew out the match he had been using and put the charred end into an ash-tray on the smoking-table by him. His hands brushed against the opened letters covering the ingots. He scarcely noticed that the scrawled sheets were warm, and yet it did not quite escape his attention. He chatted on to his host, speaking of such trivial matters as might form the casual topics of two country gentlemen.

From the beginning of his interview with Mr. Lynch, the Colonel's glance had been wandering covertly to the latter's smart, well-shod feet. They were long and narrow, and clad in glossy boots of an American model. The ash on Owen Rutherford's cigar accumulated and he flipped it off into the tray at his elbow. The edge of his hand rested on the heap of letters, and he felt the heat of the metal beneath them. This time it fixed his attention.

Mr. George Lynch had been watching the movement of his visitor's hand. He reached over. "Allow me," he said, and slewed the table round. The act brought the ash-tray nearer to the Colonel and reversed the position of the letters and the concealed bars of metal.

The Colonel acknowledged the courtesy, and, lounging in the comfortable club-chair, puffed at his cigar. Occasionally his gaze drifted back to the small heap of documents. One of these swift and apparently passing glances penetrated between the papers and perceived the dull yellow, irregular surface of the ingots. The expression of his features did not change by a fraction. But, after that, he did not look again towards the smoking-table, and the spark of light in his piercing grey eyes was, if anything, keener and more sparkling than before.

At length, he slipped a finger and thumb into the outer breast-pocket of his morning-coat and drew out a handkerchief. It was a silk handkerchief, of a maroon colour, and on it had yellow hieroglyphics worked into a species of pattern. Mr. George Lynch's gaze settled upon it, but he made no remark. Owen Rutherford flicked away with the handkerchief some cigar-ash that had fallen on his knee and moved as if to put back the square of silk. He stopped and pulled it out again.

"Oh," he said: "you've knocked about the world a good deal, Mr. Lynch, I believe; did you ever happen to acquire any knowledge of Chinese?"

His host answered with a protesting gesture. "My dear Sir," he was told, "I am mentally one of the laziest of persons, and Chinese is supposed to be one of the hardest of all hard nuts to crack. But why do you ask?"

Owen Rutherford showed him the handkerchief. "This is the reason," he responded; "I can see myself that it is Chinese, and the dealer, from whom I bought it says that it is some sort of a luck-charm, or invocation to the goddess of fortune. I want to get the stuff translated—purely out of curiosity, of course. And yet the thing has a grim association. You may have heard of that incident which happened up at my place on the moor—the finding of a poor beggar in a queer underground nook that forms a sort of showplace of ours? But you may not read the papers."

"Yes," said Mr. George Lynch, after a pause of elaborate reflection; "I did just notice something about it. Some suggestion of foul play, wasn't there?"

"Quite so," replied his visitor; "a bit of a silk handkerchief had been tied round the wretch's throat and drawn tight. Well, the fatal bandage was a scrap of such a handkerchief as this, and I took the trouble to get a London curio-dealer to hunt me one out. It seems that not many are imported—here and there a sailor will bring one home and part with it for a few shillings. Odd, isn't it; the spell didn't mean any luck to that poor, strangled wretch. But then it may not have been his handkerchief; it may have been the murderer's."

"In which case," said Mr. George Lynch, with a yawn, "as the fellow who did it—the what do your newspaper reporters call it?—the horrid deed, hasn't been found, the spell may be responsible for his luck. I'm sorry I don't know Chinese, though—it may not be a luck charm, after all. You ought to send it to some bureau of translation."

Owen Rutherford pocketed the silken square. "That is an excellent idea, Mr. Lynch," he confessed; "I must act on it."

He was silent for a moment, secretly studying his host.

"Oh," he said abruptly, "I mustn't forget my errand. I am making up a little shooting-party for to-morrow. Mrs. East has placed some of the Court coverts at my disposal. There will not, of course, be much shooting over the estate this year in view of Marsden's death, but the birds need thinning a bit, and I am getting some half-dozen guns together. We shall breakfast at the Chasms and drive down. Will you join us?"

Mr. George Lynch smiled suddenly; the smile had something in it of relief.

"I shall be more than delighted," he said. Owen Rutherford took up his hat and gloves and rose. As he did so he contrived to knock against the smoking-table; it pitched over, precipitating to the floor a couple of cigar-boxes, a match-stand, and the ingots of gold, together with their covering documents.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed; and stooped to right the table. His host thrust it away with a foot, pushing it to hide the small heavy bars of metal. The carpet was thick, and supplemented at that point by a rug; the ingots had dropped almost noiselessly.

"Confound the thing!" he exclaimed with affected irritation. "I hate these modern,

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topheavy, spindle-shanked contrivances. I've knocked it over a score of times, myself. By the way, what time do you breakfast?"

The Colonel was out-jockeyed. "Oh, round about nine," he said; "but there's a good deal of the Liberty Hall atmosphere at the Chasms; it's a tradition of the place. *Au revoir.*"

He shook hands with Mr. George Lynch, the latter rang, and the Colonel followed the servant out of the room. Left alone, Mr. Lynch muttered an oath and bent to catch up the ingots. He dropped them again: the Colonel had come back into the apartment.

"I say, Lynch," he observed, "if you haven't got all your traps down yet, don't worry. I can lend you a gun."

"Thank you," said Mr. George Lynch, regaining his mental equilibrium with an effort; "I will leave myself in your hands. Nine o'clock, I think you said."

"Or thereabouts," answered Owen Rutherford; with another cheerful *au revoir* he took his leave in earnest.

Mr. George Lynch whipped the ingots into his pocket, gained an adjoining room, and locked them safely away. Coming back into the drawing-room, he went to the French windows, threw them open, and passed through. The Colonel's dogcart was just turning out of the avenue into the road.

"Curse me if I can be sure!" muttered Mr. George Lynch. "Did he knock that table over on purpose? I believe he tumbled to the heat of those infernal ingots. That doesn't matter—nothing but curiosity ungratified, as it happens, for he didn't see much; I took care of that."

He stood caressing his chin with his thumb and stiff forefinger. "But that handkerchief," he muttered; "did he show that to me with any intention? He rather dragged it in, I fancied. Yet no, if he had had any motive, it would have prevented him showing me the thing, and so arousing my suspicions. Besides, he's invited me to shoot with him and his friends. Bah! I'm growing womanishly fanciful."

Stepping out of the window, he strolled along the front of the house in the direction of the stables. On his way he encountered a lean commonplace form in yellow check garments. Their wearer was Hackett, and he was making for the recessed porch that formed the entrance to the riverside residence.

When his eyes fell upon Mr. George Lynch, he started and relapsed into a fixed, mesmerised stare. The other paused and returned the gaze coldly.

The artist's attendant shook off his trance and made a step towards the lounging, indolent figure. He had a letter in his hand, and he extended it. It was addressed to "Miss Nora East."

"I believe this is Deepdene, Sir," he said; "Mrs. East's place, Sir?"

Mr. Lynch shrugged his shoulders. "It is Deepdene," he retorted, "and it was Mrs. East's. If you apply at the front door or the back, the servants will no doubt tell you her present whereabouts."

Hackett drew back slowly, still staring at the speaker.

"Th-thank you," he said; "I—I—thank you, Sir." He turned away, as though breaking the spell of some singular fascination, but looked round again. Mr. Lynch had resumed his walk towards the stables.

Hackett clenched his fists. "My God!" he said; "his eyes, his voice, his—"

The artist's attendant ground his teeth, leaving the passionate exclamation unfinished. He leaned against the side of the porch, gasping like one who has received an overwhelming shock. Finally he pulled himself together, rang at the door, and made the inquiry suggested so insolently by Mr. George Lynch.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"THE FATHER OUGHT TO KNOW."

"Well, I think that accounts for everything, and you may start as soon as you like. Pom-pom goes with you, by the way. You took my bag to the Court?"

"Yes, Sir," was the answer. The artist's attendant lingered in the doorway that led to his diminutive kitchen. "Can you spare me a moment before I put the horse in, Sir?" he added.

Austin Damer paid but little attention; he himself had spoken absent-mindedly. Standing in the corner of his wheeled studio, he relapsed into an undecided scrutiny of his big canvas. It was in a state appreciably near completion, and the study of it afforded him a certain satisfaction. He had got into it the chill yet bright mingling of three seasons that he had so ardently desired. The yellow sunlight and windy blue-sky of summer, the warm reds and browns of an upland autumn, the moist soft green of spring blended as they could only do at the period he had chosen to represent.

"It ought to knock them," he muttered; "there's air in it and wet sunlight, and a sense of breezy elevation in the foreground, with a sparkling definition about the middle distance. But—good Heavens!—I've looked myself out of all confidence. Take it away, Hackett, and let me forget it. And when you reach London put it in the studio and lock the door; and don't let me see it till the first fine morning after my return. When I set eyes on it again I shall know what I really think of it."

He started and broke off. "Did you ask me something?" he inquired. Hackett assented.

"I wanted to speak to you, Sir," he said nervously; "that is, I didn't want to speak, Sir, but I'm sure I ought to."

"It sounds like a riddle," observed his master. "However, as there is an ought in the matter, speak and have done with it. But be quick, or you won't get to Inglesfield Station in time to be booked on to the London express."

Hackett came across the small apartment. "You remember about a fortnight ago," he said, "when young Mr. Rutherford was here, Pompon getting into a state, Sir, and insisting on your coming through to the kitchen? I told you I thought I'd seen someone outside."

"Yes," answered the artist, "I recollect the occasion. Has it—has it some bearing upon your present communication?"

"It has, Sir," replied Hackett; "I wasn't mistaken. I must have seen the person I thought I did see, though I had—had fancied him dead or thousands of miles away."

Austin Damer regarded his attendant curiously. "Indeed," he remarked; "and this person—?" He stopped, giving the phrase the effect of a query.

Hackett came a step closer. "Is Mrs. East's husband," he said, "Miss East's father—George Ferris—Three-Fingered George—the biggest forger, thief, and scoundrel that Australia ever produced. I saw him yesterday by daylight, and knew him, as I should know him in a thousand, as I knew him that evening in the light from the door—by his wicked blue eyes and his long, thin nose. But he has dyed his moustache, hair, and eyebrows, and shaved off his

beard, in addition to sticking a wax finger on to his stump."

The artist knitted his brows. "George Ferris," he repeated; "Mrs. East's husband. Then she was not free to marry Mr. Marsden?"

"No, Sir," rejoined Hackett drily, "though she may well have fancied him dead. But he's not dead, except maybe as George Ferris. His name now is Lynch, Sir, it appears, and he's living at Deepdene; he's the new tenant there, they say."

Austin Damer whistled. "By Jupiter!" he exclaimed, and was silent, pondering. "Are you sure, Hackett," he asked at length—"sure beyond the shadow of a doubt?"

"Beyond the faintest possible shadow, Sir," said his attendant. "You see, I wasn't aware that Mrs. East had moved to Ingle Court, and when you gave me that note yesterday for Miss Nora, and put no address on it, I went to Deepdene with it. Going up to the house, I passed him in the garden. It seemed incredible that it should be he, and so I made an excuse to speak, and the voice was his, Sir, in spite of its Yankee drawl."

The artist reflected. "The new tenant at Deepdene," he murmured; "yes, it is a Mr.

Lynch. So Mrs. East must be aware of his identity, since you, who cannot know him so well, discovered it. What—what can be the explanation of his masquerade?"

Hackett shrugged his shoulders. "That isn't hard to guess," Austin Damer was told; "either he's found her out and is blackmailing her, or he and she have been in league all along for some purpose."

"Good heavens!" cried the artist, "what a frightful tangle! But—but Nora—Miss East, she does not know; she would not have kept it from me."

"Probably not, Sir," said his attendant; "but there is no reason why she should have learned it. I suspect that the scoundrel's best hold over his wife would be her anxiety to keep their shameful past from the little lass. Begging your pardon, Sir."

Austin Damer picked his inverted painting-stool out of a corner, righted it, and sat down.

"Hackett," he observed, "I've got to get at the facts of this so-called shameful past. You spoke of the man Ferris just now as a forger; you have done so before. Am I to understand that both Mrs.—well, let us call her

Mrs. East, and her husband suffered imprisonment for forgery?"

"Yes, Sir," answered his attendant; "in Australia; for a series of clever frauds on banks, Sir. It was thought that she was only his innocent tool; but it couldn't be proved, and he wouldn't help the proving of it. He had his knife in her, Sir, because she did her utmost to get me off. I was high as innocent as she—Heaven help me!—yet I stood in the dock beside her."

Hackett bit his lip, and his swarthy face flushed a painful crimson.

"Ferris got twelve years, Sir," he went on; "she—poor thing!—two, and I twelve months. If there be any truth in the Inglefield stories of her being from South America, she must have gone there from the colony, and done well. She may have done, for she was clever enough with horses and cattle; she had been a gentleman-squatter's daughter. I was but a young chap at the time, and it put a stain on me. I got out of Australia, too, in the end; but, as you know, Sir, I had no luck till I met you."

He looked mournfully at the artist. "Oh, Sir," he added, "why wouldn't you take my advice and leave Inglefield as soon as you found

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out what the Easts were? I almost wish now
that I had blown the gaff on Mrs. Ferris in
Ingfield, or gone down myself—as I've often
been sorely tempted to do—and frightened her.
It wouldn't have been difficult: I believe she
recognised me that day."

Austin Damer sighed. "It wouldn't have
been any use, Hackett," he said. "There is
not a great deal of cash among our branch of
the Dammers, but there is a crest and a motto.
The crest is two clasped hands, and the motto
is, 'Once for all.' You could not have parted
Miss East and I; I am glad that you did not
try. I might only have quarrelled irreparably
with a good friend and servant."

He rose from the painting-stool, went to the
big window of the caravan, and gazed out over
the moor. Suddenly he faced about.

"Hackett," he remarked, "supposing you
did see this fellow Lynch, or Ferris, up here
that night, what the dickens was he prowling
round the caravan for? Was he spying on you?"

"That's what I thought, Sir," answered
Hackett. "He must have noticed me in Ing-
field, fancied he knew me, and come up here
quietly to try and get a glimpse of me and make
sure."

"Humph!" said the artist; "maybe. It
seems feasible enough. But the sight of you
doesn't appear to have exerted any very alarm-
ing effect on him, since he subsequently took
Deephede and settled down, ostensibly for good."

"Yes, Sir," admitted Hackett, "but I couldn't
do him that much harm, Sir—only brand him for
what he is, a discharged convict. He'd not
think I'd be likely to do anything but blackmail
him, even if I spotted him, which he would hope
I shouldn't do."

Austin Damer scribbled idly on the clouded
window-pane. "Possibly that is true, Hackett,"
he rejoined; "however, you needn't start for
London just yet. I will turn matters over in my
mind and let you know the result. I can con-
tinue, of course, to rely on your discretion?"

"You may, Sir," said his attendant; "and
shall I fetch your bag back from Ingfield?"

"Good heavens, no!" exclaimed the artist.
"I shall spend a few days there, as I had
arranged to; but I will stroll over to-morrow—
you may want to go into town to replenish the
larder. Can you manage for to-day?"

Hackett answered, a little brusquely, in the
affirmative. The artist, substituting a hard felt
hat for the soft broad-brimmed one he had been
wearing, passed out of the studio. From the
threshold he looked back: he had not been
oblivious to the tone in which Hackett had
replied to his last question.

"I really must have a chance to consider the
position, Hackett," he said, with a friendly
simplicity; "but I am greatly indebted to you
for your discretion and candour. I will deal
with you in a fashion equally as frank."

The other's expression changed. "I beg your
pardon, Sir," he responded; "I might have
known that. Not that I've any right to expect
it, but Ferris is as clever as a fiend, and per-
haps I am better acquainted with his tricks than
you could be by guess-work. That was all
I meant, Sir."

"I'm sure of it, Hackett," said his master;
"and I will not deal in any way with Mr.
Ferris, or even approach him, without your
approval."

The artist nodded a cheerful farewell,
descended from the caravan, and crossed the
wayside turf. But he did not go down the road
in the direction of Ingfield. Instead, he went
up the slope towards the Chasms.

Meditatively he sauntered onwards, his hands
behind him, his head bent. At that point in
the road, where Philip Rutherford had stopped
so abruptly during their evening walk from the
caravan to the grey limestone house on the crest
of the moor, he paused and glanced reflectively
about him. Then, with no less absorption, he
pursued his way along the upland road.

In due course it brought him to the Ruther-
ford residence: he rang at the iron-studded
oaken doors and asked for Philip Rutherford.

"He is in the music-room, Sir," explained
the servant who had opened to him, "as you
can hear, Sir."

Austin Damer stood still in the wide, vaulted
hall. The sound of an organ came to his ears.
Philip Rutherford was no mean performer on
that instrument: but the chords were melan-
choly and long drawn out—the musician was
playing a gloomy and monotonous fugue.

The servant—an old and privileged one—
made a grimace. "Master Philip has got the
dismals, to be sure, Sir," he said; "and so
have all of us, a-listening to him. It will be a
mercy of you to take him off it, Mr. Damer, Sir,
for he's been playing like you for days."

The artist laughed and passed on into the
apartment whence the lugubrious sounds eman-
ated. The person he sought was seated on the
bench of a fine organ whose moaning pipes rose
far above him. He was lost in a mournful
ecstasy. Austin Damer stole up to him and laid
a hand on his shoulder.

Philip started. "By Jove!" he exclaimed;
"how did you get here?"

"In the usual manner," said the newcomer;
"but if I'd known you were worshipping at the
shrine of Bach I question if I should have dared
to invade the sacred precincts."

The younger man took his feet off the pedals
and got up.

"Bach be hanged!" he ejaculated; "I was
improvising, and felt like that. I'm very glad
to see you, though. Have you come for a game

"KEATING'S LOZENGES cure the worst Cough."

Quick Relief—
Sure Relief—
Easy Relief—
Cheap Relief—

Sold in tins only, 12d. each, everywhere.—[Advt.]

of billiards, or had you some more definite
object?"

"Well," replied the artist; "perhaps I had.
You recollect, when we walked over from my
caravan to dinner, you saw someone on the way
whose presence apparently surprised you. You
didn't mention his name. Do you mind my
asking—I have a reason—if it was a Mr.
Lynch?"

Philip hesitated. "Y—yes," he said; "it
was. Are you—are you especially interested in
Mr. Lynch?"

The artist made a gesture of indifference.
"Slightly," he responded. Philip Rutherford
looked at him irresolutely.

"One moment, Mr. Damer," he said; "I
think the pater ought to know that."

And without giving the artist time to answer,
he left the room.

(To be continued.)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

I HAVE had a long look round at the shops
in order to pick up hints for my readers in
the matter of dress, and it seems to me that
pleated skirts are just now in favour. I say
just now, for the fashion will not last; and for
this reason: These pleated skirts must be either
unlined, or the lining must hang loose from the
waist, and every woman who is obliged to walk,
or to travel in omnibuses, knows how uncom-
fortable it is to have a skirt with a loose lining.
If there is a carriage to go about in, or if the
wearer spends her life seated or standing still,
all goes well, and the pleated skirt looks char-
ming; if not, it flaps about the feet, and if it is
held up the chances are that the hands fail to
catch the lining, and so it flaps about quite free,
and is very inelegant. All this being so, the
woman of small means cannot

Indulge in a Pleated Skirt.

Bodices are made in many styles, and the
sleeves, which are still wide, have very deep
cuffs—so deep that they reach half-way to the
elbow. Collars, made of the same material as
the dress, and with short stole-ends, which do
not quite reach to the waist, are very much worn
at present. In warm weather they will take the
place of a coat or short jacket. They are not
fastened to the bodice, as they are not needed
for wear in the house. These collars, or little
shoulder-capes, will, I think, be one of the

Fashions of the Coming Season.

and we shall see them in lace and soft silk and
other light materials. This is a return to a
very old and effective fashion, but if made at
home, the amateur must look to it that she
arranges her shoulder-seams properly, or she will
make the line too long and too sloping, and
spoil the effect. Trimmings are very fashion-
able, but second-rate, and domestic dressmakers
are very prone to put too much trimming on their
gowns. Just enough and no more is what must
be aimed at. Serges and tweeds look well always
if well cut and very little trimmed: an over-
trimmed woman is a woman spoiled. As to hats
and toques, I can say with truth that

I Have Not Seen a Really Pretty Model

of either as yet. There is very little altera-
tion in the shape, or it may be that the newest
styles have not found their way into the great
show-rooms of the West End. In a few weeks,
if fine weather sets in, there will be a different
story to tell. The prettiest of the many models
of new headgear which were shown to me were
a novelty only in the straw of which some of them
were made.

The short sac bolero will be very much worn
this spring. It is not becoming to all figures,
as it gives a rather clumsy appearance to the
form, and stout women cannot wear it. It is
usually longer before than behind, and stoic-
ends fall in front and are graceful in effect; but
the coatee itself stands out from the figure all
round, hence the unbecomingness to short or
tall stout women.

Belts are Becoming Wider,

and they push the pouch up in a not too grace-
ful manner; but the belt which is wide at the
back and narrow in front is still in favour.

That famous firm, John Noble, Limited, send
me some patterns of dress fabrics for spring and
summer wear, including Donegal tweeds, voiles,
armures, zibelines, and others at prices from 8d.
to 4s. 6d. a yard. All, without exception, seem
to me to be excellent value for money, the cloths
specially appealing to me being—

The Alma, 41 in. wide, 1s. 2d. the yard.	The Newhaven, 42 in. wide, 1s. 4d. the yard.
The Economic, 41 in. wide, 1s. 4d. the yard.	The Bute, 41 in. wide, 1s. 6d. the yard.
The Venus, 41 in. wide, 1s. 9d. the yard.	The Nizam, 42 in. wide, 1s. 9d. the yard.
The Cairo, 41 in. to 43 in. wide, 1s. 9d. the yard.	The Lochinvar, 41 in. to 42 in. wide, 1s. 11d. the yard.
The St. Clair, 41 in. wide, 2s. the yard.	The Maharaja, 41 in. wide, 2s. 3d. the yard.
The Canton, 42 in. wide, 2s. 3d. the yard.	The Tourist, 42 in. wide, 2s. 6d. the yard.
The Renown, 51 in. to 52 in. wide, 2s. 9d. the yard.	The Busley, 51 in. to 52 in. wide, 2s. 10d. the yard.
The Maitland, 42 in. wide, 2s. 11d. the yard.	The Queen, 41 in. wide, 2s. 11d. the yard.
	The Inevitable, 54 in. wide, 2s. 11d. the yard.

A complete box of patterns will be sent post
free, on approval, to any reader, from which a
pleasing selection can be made without the
trouble and fatigue of "shopping."

Everyone is talking of the surprisingly

Clever Young Lady Violinist,

Marie Hall, whose playing has taken us all
by surprise, and the musicians say that she will

SULPHOLINE SKIN LOTION.—The only effective remedy for
SKIN TROUBLES. SULPHOLINE quickly drives away Eruptions,
Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Blackheads and all Disfigurements,
developing a fair, smooth skin and beautiful complexion.
SULPHOLINE LOTION, 1s. Bottles.—[Advt.]

be one of the finest women violinists ever
heard; indeed, although only nineteen, she is a
perfect wonder. In execution and power of
expression she is unique. She is one of the
daughters of not very well-to-do parents in
Bristol, but a gentleman of that place, who
heard her play when she was quite young, was
so struck by her talent that he gave her parents
a helping hand in her education, and later, by
the advice of Herr Kubelik, she was sent to
Prague to study under his former master for
two years. There she worked very hard, and
she has now, if all goes well, a great career
before her. She gave a recital at St. James's
Hall last week, and will no doubt be heard
many times in London during the season.

I have very often been asked to give a few
recipes for dishes suitable for the Lenten season.
Here is a very nice one for

Eggs and Macaroni.

Boil some macaroni—the quantity is not stated
in the recipe—in water, with some salt in it;
when quite done and tender, arrange it in a sort
of mound in the middle of a flat dish; sprinkle
it with a little pepper and salt, and a small
portion of grated cheese. Keep it quite hot,
and arrange upon it some eggs—say four, if
the mound will admit—which have been firmly
poached. They must not be underdone, or the
yokes will run all over the dish and spoil it;
the whites must be neatly trimmed. Then
place a border of nicely cooked spinach round
the outer edge of the macaroni, and serve very
hot. Well and carefully made, this is a delicious
dish.

Haricot Eggs

is another nice and popular Lenten dish. Soak
the haricot beans overnight (again the quantity
is not stated; I am sorry to say that cooks are
very prone to leave out details), simmer them in
milk-and-water until quite tender, and keep
them hot until it is time to dish up. Toast
some slices of bread; butter them, and place
them on a very hot dish. Poach four or five
eggs, trim them neatly, and arrange them on the
buttered toast. Surround the whole with a
border of haricot beans, and over them pour
some egg-sauce.

A correspondent writes to say that she

Cannot Keep Her Silver Clean.

It is very easy to keep silver clean and bright if
it is in constant use; if not in use it turns black,
but the blackness does not signify. If it can be
kept from the air the blackness will not come.
To clean it, wash it in two baths of hot soapsuds,
one after the other; dry it immediately with a fine
dry cloth; polish with a piece of chamois leather.
If it looks dull, clean it with a little prepared
chalk made into a paste with sweet oil, or common
whiting made into a paste with a little whisky.
Whiting is nothing but powdered chalk freed
from all rough particles. Nothing rough should
be used on silver.

To a question about drinking black coffee,
or cocoa with milk, after dinner, I reply that
if my correspondent suffers from indigestion,
she should give up coffee. I know that it is
considered an aid to digestion, but it is a
great mistake. Freshly made tea is more whole-
some, but either taken immediately after dinner
is bad. Sufferers from indigestion should not
drink at meals at all, and very little for some
time after eating. Drinking just before or at
meals is bad for digestion, and so also is eating
too much heavy food—or, indeed, too much food
of any kind.

I have got a charming little poem with which
to wind up to-day. A friend found it in one of
the many excellent penny publications of the
present day. It is called

Give It a Thought.

How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbour's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.
One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth;
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought!
A smile—kind words—a glance—a touch—
What magic with them is wrought!

MARGUERITE.

The Prince of Wales visited the last motor-car
exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, London, and the great
patronage of the Automobile Club by the King leads to
the hope that Royalty will again be present at the Auto-
mobile Exhibition which opens at the same place on
March 21. One of the features of the display will be the
collection of representative motor-car bodies, showing the
prevailing fashion in England, France, and elsewhere. The
Hon. C. S. Rolls will exhibit the racing machine on which
he made a record of eighty-two miles per hour, and it is
possible that one of the Gordon Bennett racers will also be
on view. Wednesday, the 25th, will be reserved as a club
day, when popular features will be added to the strictly
utilitarian character of the exhibition. The promoter is
Mr. Charles Cordingley, whose 49 h.p. Mercedes is one of
the most famous motor vehicles now in this country.

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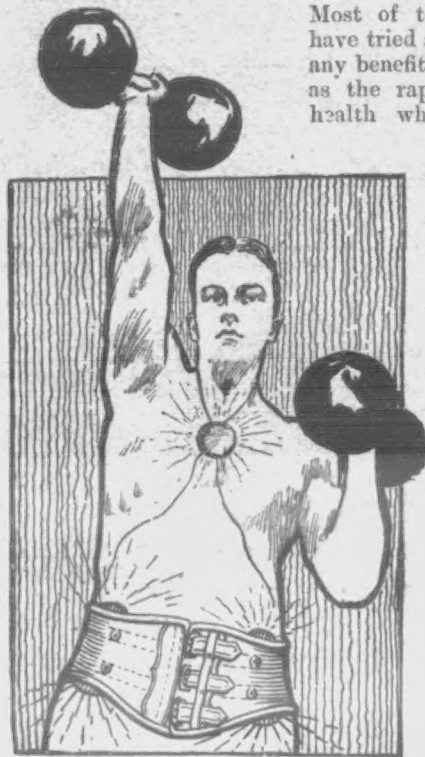
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The Richardson Electric Belt reinforces the vital energy by sending a current of Electricity into the nerves, and it stimulates the digestion by arousing the nerves governing the stomachic region into healthy action.

We have not space here for a lengthy description of the Richardson Electric Belt, but if you are sufficiently interested to call at this office, or to write us a letter, we will tell you all about the Belt, and furnish you with testimony which should convince you that for dispelling the ailments that arise from disordered digestive and nervous systems, it is able to do what no medicines nor other forms of treatment have ever accomplished. Most of this testimony comes from persons who have tried all the other treatments without deriving any benefit. We like to hear from such persons, as the rapid improvement which occurs in their health when we succeed in inducing them to use the Richardson Electric Belt is the best advertisement we can receive.



It does not matter how run-down, played out, debilitated, languid, and exhausted you may be, the use of the Richardson Electric Belt will restore you to health and vigour. Never mind how you may suffer from insomnia, dizziness, depression, nausea, or palpitation, the use of the Richardson Belt will set you right. Your blood may be impoverished and impure, your appetite poor, your digestion imperfect, and your spirits low, the use of the Belt will be found a certain and safe remedy.

The Richardson Electric Belt is particularly effective in removing biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, heartburn, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and the other ills arising from a deranged stomach, liver, and kidneys. Call upon or write to us at once. If we think the Belt cannot benefit you, we shall not hesitate to tell you so.

The Richardson Electro-Galvanic Belt is scientifically and skilfully made. It generates an electric current, the curative value of which has been proved in thousands of instances. This current pervades the system with a gentle, continuous glow of Health and Energy, but it never burns or blisters. It always does good, and cannot do harm to the most weak and sensitive organisation. It cures, it restores, it re-invigorates, and it re-vitalises and re-energises the entire nervous and digestive system.

A Well-Known Doctor's Opinion.

Dr. ARCHER FARR, L.R.C.P., L.S.A., L.F.P., and S.G., Five Years Medical Officer of Health, Lambeth, London, writes under date Jan. 2, 1903—

"Messrs. A. M. Richardson & Co., 53, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
"Dear Sirs.—I am acquainted with your Electro-Galvanic Belts, and find them to be most valuable curative appliances in the treatment of all functional or organic disorders, especially Liver and Kidney troubles, Rheumatism, Sciatica, and allied ailments, and also in the great variety of affections of the nervous system which involve exhaustion and debility. I have much pleasure in recommending these appliances in all suitable cases."

Thirty Days' Free Trial.



This scientifically constructed and successful curative appliance will be sent on 30 Days' Free Trial, so that all sufferers may experience the benefit of renewed strength and vigour—without cost.

We ask the readers of this paper to remember that this offer is made by a British firm with twenty-one years' reputation in the City of London. We desire that every sufferer should wear this marvellous Belt and test its healing virtues for thirty days, as we are certain that it will cure, and that the wearer, after a month's trial, will then prefer to keep rather than return the Belt.

Do not fail to write at once, with particulars of your case, and remember that after giving the Belt a trial, if you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it.

Illustrated Pamphlet, with numerous Testimonials, sent post free. Call or write to-day. Address letters: **A. M. RICHARDSON & CO., 22, Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.** Established 1882.

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As a huge advertisement we give you your choice of either of these handsome presents for selling FIVE useful articles of Jewellery at 1s. 6d. each.

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Together with the Jewellery will be sent a Catalogue of other Presents which you may choose from, including Gramophones, Musical Chests, Cutlery, Real Silver Watches, Real Gold and Diamond Rings, etc., etc. And even though you only sell two of the articles we will present you with one of our Renowned 'Globe' Timekeepers, Guaranteed for Three Years. We want you to see our Jewellery and judge as to the value yourself.

You will receive the goods to-morrow if you send a postcard to-day. Address as follows—

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This Real Fur Muff and Boa, beautifully finished and padded, free for selling FIVE articles.

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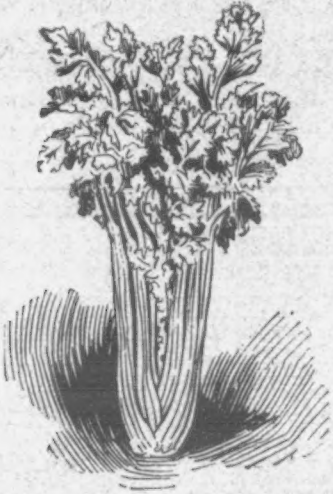
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STONE'S GINGER WINE

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

On Celery.

CELERY belongs to what may be termed the artistic department of profitable gardening. It occupies a high position in exhibition schedules, and there are not a few celery-fanciers in country places where artisans enter into friendly rivalry in the production of enormous samples. The largest celery is not always the most acceptable at table, but, being a gross feeder, it is no difficult matter to grow it to almost any dimensions, provided the feeding materials are at hand. It should be grown in a rich soil, the ground being got ready as early as convenient. The first sowing can be made in most parts of the country before the middle of March. The soil for the seed should be fine and rich, say one shovelful of rotten dung run through a sieve, the same quantity of turfy loam chopped as small as hazel nuts, half a spade of charred sticks also run through a sieve, and a little gritty stuff to keep it open and porous. Fill a few pans with this mixture, press it firm, sow on it thinly, and cover with a thin sprinkling of fine, dusty stuff. Put the pan into a moderate stove, on the greenhouse flue, or wherever it can have a steady bottom heat, and the plants will soon make their appearance. Later, of course, the young plants can be pricked out, but

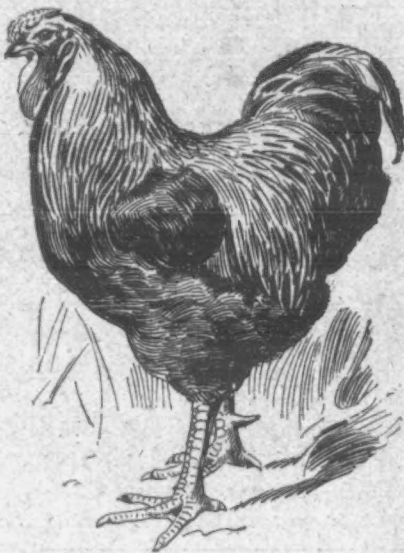


WHITE CELERY.

unless they lift with good bunches of fibrous roots they had better wait a week or ten days to strengthen. They will be checked to no purpose if planted before they are in a fit state to strike out at once into their well-manured and well-pulverised soil. Earthing-up must not be done while the plants or soil are in a wet state.

The Wyandotte Fowl.

Here we have an excellent general-purpose fowl, good alike as a layer of dark-shelled eggs and a meaty, tender table-fowl, particularly hardy and easy to rear on any soil, be it in a confined run or on a free range. The hens are remarkably good sitters and very attentive mothers.



PARTRIDGE WYANDOTTE.

There are six varieties—the silver-laced, the gold-laced, the partridge, the white, the black, and the buff, all of which are very shapely in build, have rose or double combs, and bright yellow legs. The silver-laced cock has a silvery-white hackle striped with black; back quite silvery white; tail black; breast laced black and white. The hen has a silver-grey hackle, striped with black; tail black; rest of plumage laced black and white. The color of the golden-laced is richer and more striking in appearance. The cock should have a golden-red hackle, each feather striped with black; wings and back golden red; wing bars golden, laced with black; breast gold, and black, sharply laced; tail glossy, green back. The hen should have a golden hackle striped with black, the rest of the body golden, with well-defined black lacing. The whites, buffs, and blacks are solid in colour, and the recently introduced partridge is distinguishable from the silver and gold laced by its partridge-coloured plumage.

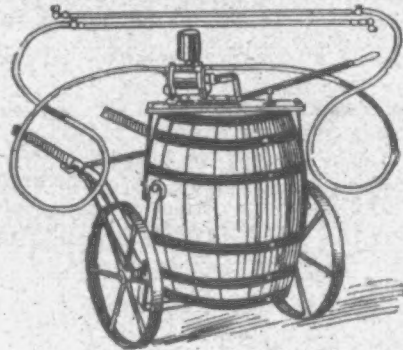
The Common Duck.

All breeds of waterfowl may be kept for ornamental purposes, and where variety is desired are most useful. Of common ducks the Aylesbury is perhaps the best known, and for mingling with other birds for the sake of appearance that variety and the Pekin are almost as one. There are also that familiar dark duck, the Rouen; a lustrous

black-plumaged duck, hardly so well known, the Cayuga; the fawn and the grey Indian Runner, with its peculiar trot; the Orpington duck, the Campbell, and the Khaki. Any of these breeds can be made profitable if kept for the combined purposes of ornament and utility. When several are run together on a sheet of water, the white, black, grey, fawn, and blue colours of the varied breeds are very effective—much more so than anyone not having beheld birds so congregated would imagine. When so kept, however, although a goodly number of the eggs would hatch out true to breed, a lot of the ducklings would be cross-breeds.

Fruit-Tree Sprayers.

The 1903 fruit-tree sprayer, introduced by Strawson's, is likely to have a large sale among growers, for preventing the maladies arising from insects and fungus pests, for removing moss and lichen from the woody parts, and preserving the trees and bushes in a clean and healthy condition, for fruit-bearing. The fittings are all solid and of good quality, being scientifically devised to meet the purpose required without corrosion of the machine. It is adopted for spraying every kind of tree and bush with caustic soda solution, Paris green, and spray fluids of quassa, strychnite, paraffin emulsion, etc., and all other insecticides and fungicides, and for spraying strawberries and other low fruit crops. The following recipes may be found useful—For leaf-eating insects: use Paris green 1 oz. in ten gallons of water—the spray should be light and put on like dew; or use a mixture of 6 oz. best white hellebore to one gallon of water. Spray to wet the leaves. Neither of the above should be used on edible fruit a week before gathering. For green-fly and aphid generally, use a decoction of quassa chips and soft soap. Spray till the leaves are thoroughly wet. On greenhouse and delicate plants, after two or three hours, spray with plain water to wash off the



FRUIT-TREE SPRAYER.

insecticide. For destroying moss and lichen on fruit-trees: While the trees are dormant in winter, 1 lb. of seventy per cent. caustic soda dissolved in ten gallons of water is sufficient, when heavily sprayed, to destroy moss and lichen. A stronger preparation is required for the destruction of eggs of insects laid in the bark. For mildews or diseases on potatoes, tomatoes, vines, or hollyhocks, a powdered form of Bordeaux mixture can be recommended.

Quaking Grass.

Briza, or quaking grass, is the hardy annual inquired about by a Walthamstow correspondent, who need have no doubt about this very beautiful ornamental grass growing in his soil. For decorative purposes briza is deservedly



QUAKING GRASS.

popular. It grows about a foot high. Siculum and bromus are other pretty ornamental grasses, both being hardy annuals, the last-named being the larger of the two, for it grows to a height of quite 18 in. Packets of seed can be obtained of any dealer.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "P.I.P. Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

Death of an M.P.—Mr. H. C. Leigh-Bennett, M.P. for the Chertsey Division of Surrey, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, died at Windlesham, Surrey, on Saturday last. The late member had represented the Chertsey Division in the Conservative interest since 1897.

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Managing Director, FRANK COLLINS.
EVERY EVENING at 7.30. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 1.30. "MOTHER GOOSE." DAN LENO, Herbert Campbell, F. Emery, Madge Leasing, Maudie Bently, Marie George, Grigoriadis, &c.

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MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—EVERY EVENING at Eight. MATINEES: MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three. FOUR ST. PATRICK FESTIVALS, March 16 and 17—two each day 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Children Half Price.

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OLYMPIA.
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CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

COLONEL CODY'S FAREWELL.
His Last Professional Visit to London
Will Positively Terminate April 4.

Opening in MANCHESTER EASTERN MONDAY.
Twice Daily, at 2 and 8.15 p.m.
Prices of Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., and 7s. 6d.
Boxes (five seats), £3 3s. Children under ten years,
Half Price to all except 1s. and 2s. seats.
Box Office, Olympia, opens daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Reserved and Box Tickets at the Libraries.

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2/9 Large Bundle of Laces, Calicoes, and
Lace, enough to make aprons and pinafores
for large family, for 2/9. This lot
is very suitable for sewing societies and
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Handsome Lace Collarette Free.

5/- Large Parcel of Muslin and Prints,
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